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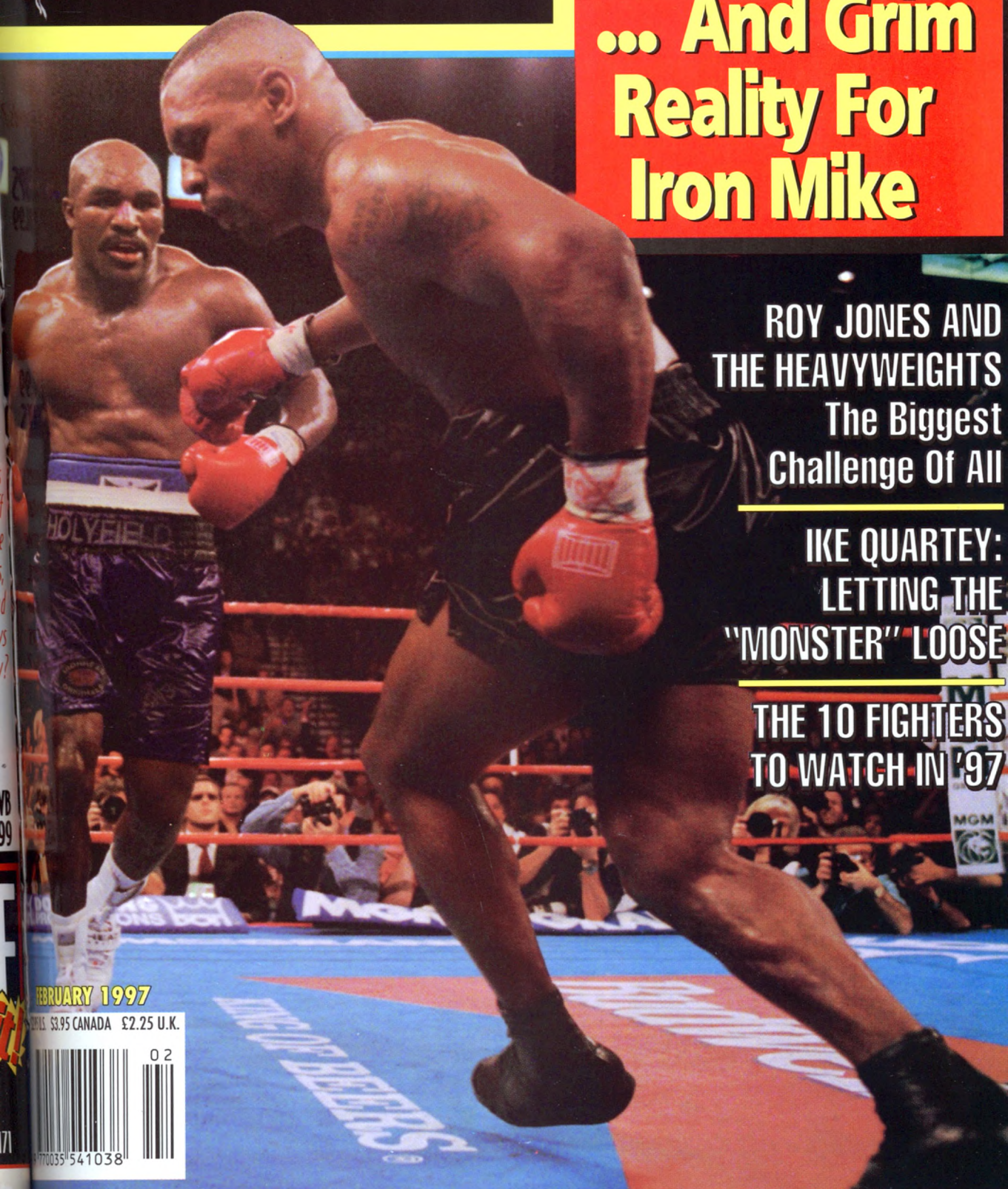

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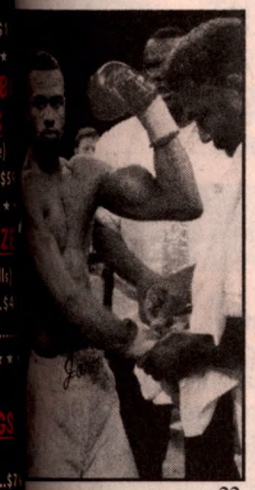

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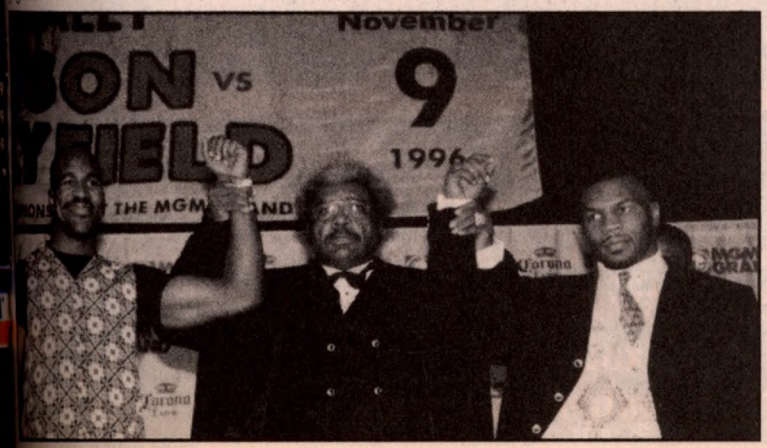

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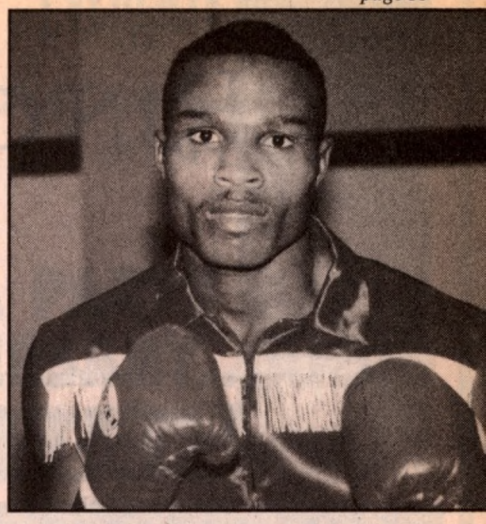

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RINGSIDE

How difficult was it for me to comprehend what I had seen with my own eyes? The morning after Holyfield-Tyson, I was talking in the lobby of the MGM Grand with some fight people who had made a nice hit by backing the challenger at hefty odds. "If you handed me a hundred bucks," I told them, "and I could make a wager right now, after it had already happened and knowing the result, I *still* wouldn't bet on Holyfield."

Hey, if I were smart, you think I would've become a sportswriter?

What, then, is Ron Borges' excuse? Borges, a boxing writer and columnist for the *Boston Globe* and a frequent contributor to THE RING, was the only one of 48 writers polled to pick Holyfield to win. I have begun referring to him as The Smartest Man In Boxing, but only until he gets the next one wrong.

I attended Holyfield-Tyson expecting it to be Tyson-Holyfield, a first-round knockout scored by an irresistible force against a movable object. For a bout with Tyson, I believed Holyfield's style was all wrong five years ago, when they were first supposed to rumble, and would still be wrong on November 9, 1996. Making it worse, Holyfield was now the poster boy for ring burnout. Unafraid and self-assured, he would brawl with Tyson from the start and suffer the inevitable consequences. He brawled, all right, slowly turning The Baddest Man On The Planet into just another hard-ass from the 'hood.

What I found most amazing was that the same Holyfield who couldn't summon one last punch against Riddick Bowe was capable of such a commanding performance. But, of course, it *wasn't* the same Holyfield. This time, he was 100 percent healthy before the fight. This time, he was fighting the opponent he had eyed for 12 years. And this time, he was energized by the moment. When the crowd rocked the arena in round six with a spontaneous chant of "Holy-field! Holy-field!", it brought chills. Still, the single image I took away from Las Vegas was of Tyson standing straight up and square in the later rounds, confused, maybe even disoriented. Some writers reveled in his pain. I felt sorry for him. Whether it's million-dollar Mike Tyson or a four-round novice, a damaged and fatigued fighter, standing in ring-center and not sure what to do, is a sad and pathetic sight.

After the fight, there was a lot of Tyson-bashing. Criticism of his performance was warranted. But the second-guessers who instantly declared him the most overrated heavyweight of all-time should have been penalized for punching low. The first time around, Tyson unified the title, defeated every opponent put before him (save Buster Douglas), and energized the entire sport. How many champions can make that claim? Indeed, he's a flawed fighter, but I'll always maintain that the Tyson who crushed Michael Spinks would have been competitive with any legend you care to name.

But November 9 wasn't just about Tyson. The worst night for my fight predictions was the best night for Holyfield, and in a year that's seen Tyson-Seldon and the Bowe-Golota postfight riot, an even better one for boxing.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

Volume 76, No. 2 February 19

The RING

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SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES
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THE RING (ISSN: 0035-5410), Vol. 76, No. 2, is published monthly, with an additional issue in December, by London Publishing Co., 7002 W. Butler Pike, Ambler, PA 19002. Periodicals rate postage paid at Ambler, PA 19002 and additional post offices. Postmaster: Send change of address notices to: THE RING, P.O. Box 910, Ft. Washington, PA 19034. Single copy price $2.95 ($3.95 in Canada, £2.25 in U.K.). Subscription price $32.45 in the U.S., $42.85 Canada and remaining countries. Not responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited articles or photographs, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing the proper amount of postage.

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COME OUT WRITING

We welcome your letters, which may be edited for reasons of space and clarity. Send your comments to Come Out Writing, The Ring, P.O. Box 1148, Ft. Washington, PA 19034

HAS-BEAN

Sorry, but you had Butterbean in the wrong category of your story on what's good and bad abo boxing (October 1996). He should have been in the "What's Bad" section, and what you should ha said is that there's nothing funny about him. He doesn't know the first thing about boxing, and the are a lot of stick-in-the-mud purists who know he does nothing for the game except create even mo of a carnival-like atmosphere than already exists.

The first time Butterbean meets someone who can box and is in condition, he'll no longer b "King Of The Four-Rounders." Jack Fiske's column in the September issue, in which he criticize the Butterbean phenomenon, was right on.

NOEL B. BAILE
Waterford, C

Photo by Tom Hogan

Bob Arum gets a kick out of Butterbean, but not all fans share the promoter's view. Reader Noel B. Bailey says the Bean is part of what's bad about boxing.

COMP FOR JONES

I'm tired of hearing how IBF super mid dleweight champion Roy Jones doesn't have any competition. Jones has said he'll fight anyone one division above or below. Well, then, how about a fight with Henry Maske or Virgil Hill, or even a second bout with James Toney? That would be better than his defenses vs. Eric Lucas and Bryant Brannon.

What about a return bout with Bernard Hopkins, or even a middleweight clash with Terry Norris? At 168 pounds, Michael Nunn seems to be back, and a unification bout with WBA champion Frankie Liles would be a lot better than a fight against an old Thomas Hearns.

There are fights for Jones. Whether he takes them or not is up to him.

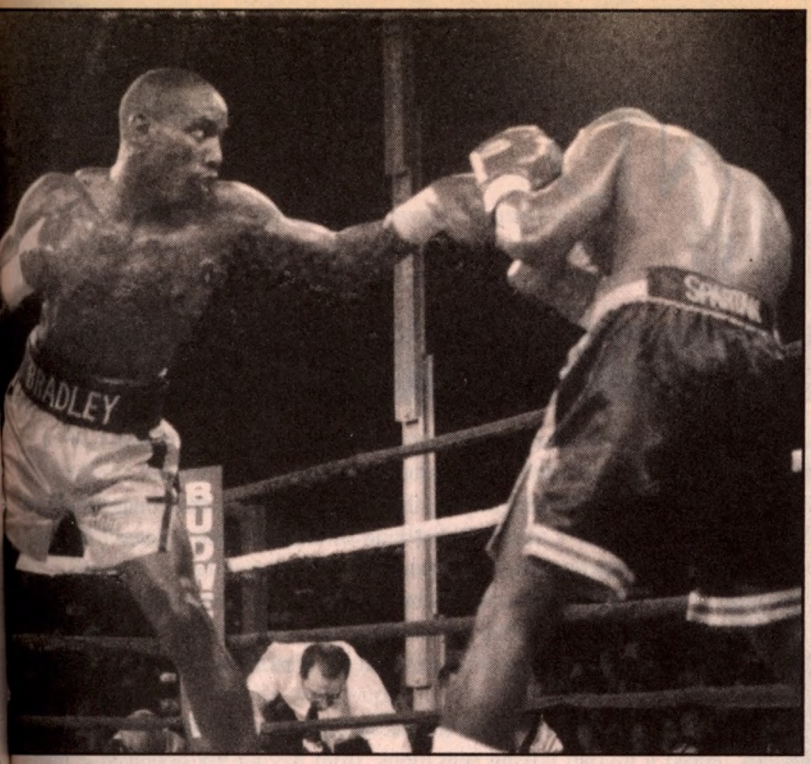
ADAM SCHELLENBERG
Vancouver, British Columbia

PRO-WBO

Although I realize the WBO title is not a requirement for those who want to become undisputed champions, I think THE RING should begin to recognize its titlists. Simply put, it would make the magazine easier to read. The WBO's champions are not rated by the WBA, WBC, or IBF. As a result, readers who examine the ratings of the alphabet organizations, which you publish monthly, might wonder why fighters such as Marco Antonio Barrera, Naseem Hamed, and Reggie Tuur, all WBO champions, are not ranked.

BRYAN HARRINGTON
Detroit, MI

I think it's about time THE RING and its sister publications begin considering the WBO as a true world sanctioning body. Granted, the WBO is not as longstanding as the WBA, WBC, and IBF, but the organization has pulled through, and now showcases some talented champions.



Middleweight Lonnie Bradley, shown sticking Simon Brown en route to an August win, is among the more promising champions of the fledgling WBO. The alphabet organization, which is not recognized by THE RING, is struggling for acceptance.

Look at the quality of some of them: Riddick Bowe and Oscar De La Hoya are both former WBO champs. Super middleweight Steve Collins could handle the other 168-pound champions, with the obvious exception of Roy Jones. Middleweight Lonnie Bradley is an up-and-comer who could beat WBA champion William Joppy and WBC titlist Keith Holmes. Winky Wright is a talented and crafty southpaw at junior middleweight, and Jose Luis Lopez, who just kayoed Yori Boy Campas, is a rising star at welterweight.

Junior lightweight Reggie Tuur is probably a step behind IBF king Arturo Gatti, but featherweight Naseem Hamed is a charismatic southpaw whose style would give any of the other champions trouble. At the lighter weights, junior featherweight Marco Antonio Barrera belongs in the top five of the pound-for-pound ratings, and junior bantamweight Johnny Tapia is probably the best 115-pounder around.

Just trying to give the WBO some deserved recognition.

TODD FALKENBERG
Philadelphia, PA

BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS

George Foreman and Earnie Shavers were both in their respective primes in the '70s. Both were known for their ability to knock an opponent out at any time. And both fought some of the best heavyweights of the era, such as Ron Lyle, Ken Norton, and, of course, Muhammad Ali. Yet for whatever reason, Foreman and Shavers never met in the ring. How about matching them in "Battle Of The Legends"?

PETER MOUTTAPA
San Jose, CA

THE NAME GAME

After watching Johnny Tapia-Sammy Stewart, I felt it was about time someone commented on TV announcers' mispronunciations of Hispanic names. The late, great ring announcer Jimmy Lennon used to say, "If nothing else in life, a man should at least have his last name pronounced correctly." His son, the ring announcer Jimmy Lennon Jr., adheres to that rule to a tee.

The worst offender I've heard is ESPN's Bob Papa. The last name Tapia is not pronounced Tape-ia. Macias is not May-cias. And Gutierrez is not Guter-ez.

It pains a Hispanic to hear over and over an announcer who is paid to research facts fail to spend the little bit of time needed to inquire whether he's correctly pronouncing a name.

FRED GARCIA
Chimayo, NM

LESS GOVERNMENT!

Foul! Another low blow was scored by THE RING in its November issue. Asking state commissioners how they feel about boxing is like asking the fox how he feels about watching the hen house.

Government is unaccountable for anything it does. The only professional sport in America that has a long history of corruption is boxing. It is no coincidence that boxing is also the only professional sport that has a long history of control, intervention, or regulation by government.

Boxing needs less government, not more. Allowing the so-called alphabet organizations to compete in a free market without government intervention would bring boxing into the 21st century.

WILLIAM JAMES
Las Vegas, NV ■

Muhammad Ali knew that with or without hair, Earnie Shavers could punch hard enough to knock down a skyscraper. A battle between Shavers and George Foreman would have registered on the Richter scale.

ROUND ONE

BUT WHO'S GONNA COUNT THE PUNCHES?

(Editor's Note: Logan Hobson is one-half of the CompuBox punch-counting team.)

I'll say one thing for myself: I sure know how to throw a helluva mid-life crisis.

Most men reach their 40s and start dieting, dying their hair, talking to the young ladies with intent, maybe even going to Tahiti for a month. What kind of crisis is that, anyway? Not much risk—unless the Mrs. happens to outweigh you by 20 pounds.

I wanted my mid-life crisis to include risk and meaning. What better way than to have a real professional fight? After all, I've been counting punches for 12 years, so why not throw a few, have some thrown back at me, and let somebody else worry about the counting?

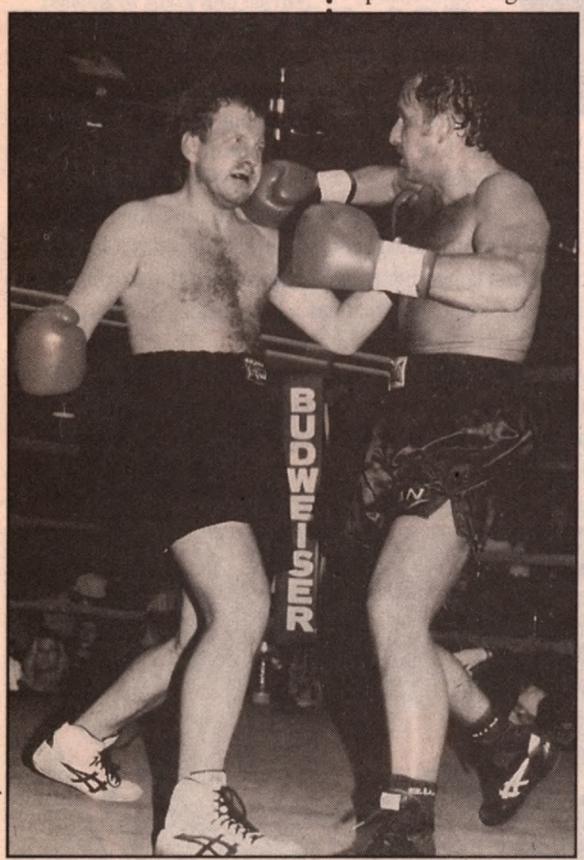


Photo by Bob Carson

Hobson (right) and Lineberger went to war

Over the course of four rounds on October 16 in Kansas City, I experienced a myriad boxing sensations, from having my opponent in trouble and watching as the referee issued him a standing eight-count, to getting my own butt off the canvas and fighting on. Now I fully understand when fighters say the hard part is the training, and the easy part the fighting—even when it's a tough fight.

Thanks largely to Vince Phillips, Livingstone Bramble, and the guys at the Top Rank Gym in Las Vegas, by the time I got into the ring at the Beaumont Club, I was more than ready to fight. I had been in training for three months, starting at 183 pounds and reducing to 160. We weighed in two hours before the fight; I was 165 fully clothed, and my opponent, one "Lethal" Lonnie Lineberger of Oklahoma City, scaled 177. Having been matched by promoter Danny Campbell, we were the first bout of the night. My purse: $200.

I was very surprised I wasn't more nervous or fearful. I was excited and anxious in the dressing room and didn't give a thought to the fact that Lonnie, 27, was 15 years my junior, or that he had already engaged in three pro fights. (He was 1-2.) I had a kayo on my mind, which led me to taking more punches than I would have liked.

I went after Lonnie in the first, landing two big left hands (oh, yeah, I'm a southpaw), and a standing-eight was issued. As I moved in to finish the job, my chin decided to come up for air instead of remaining close to my chest, where it belonged. The next thing I remember hearing was "six." What the hell happened to the first five? Somehow I got up, took the rest of the count on one knee, and was able to continue.

My trainers, Rafael Garcia and Jerome Coffee, gave me a nice ice-water bath in the corner. The second and third rounds were close; I pressed the attack and Lonnie waited and countered with big shots. I had my best round in the fourth, boxing a little better and getting countered a whole lot less.

The judges gave my opponent a unanimous decision. A point either way and it would have been the kind of draw no one argues with. The punchstats? I haven't had the heart to watch the tape and count the punches yet. It'll be too painful to register Lonnie's connects.

I have to say it was a terrific experience. I always loved boxing, but I never imagined I'd love doing it this much. I liked it so much, in fact, that I booked several fights for my partner, Bob Canobbio, who's overdue for his mid-life crisis. After all, what are friends for?

–Logan Hobson

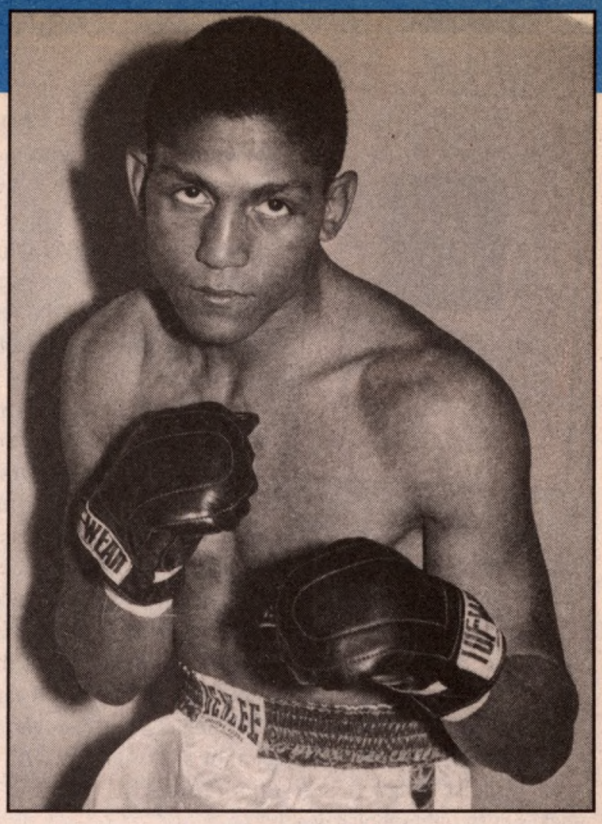
A BEATING OUTSIDE THE RING

On September 30, former welterweight champion Don Jordan, 62, was brutally beaten in a Los Angeles parking lot. He was hospitalized, and as we went to press, remained in a coma at Harbor-UCLA Medical Center. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, friends and family say Jordan is on a life-support system.

So severe was the beating that the case was turned over to the LAPD's homicide bureau. According to the *Times*, detectives have a number of leads, including witnesses. They say a robbery might have prompted the attack, in which a weapon was used, perhaps a pipe.

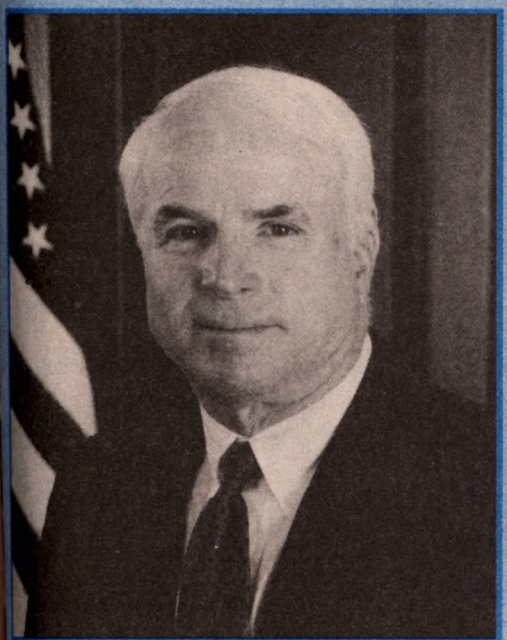
During his fighting days, Jordan was a smooth boxer and defensive wizard. He won the world welterweight title in December 1958, dethroning Virgil Akins, and held the crown until losing to Benny "Kid" Paret in May 1960. His career was surrounded by controversy; in 1959, five boxing figures were indicted on charges of trying to extort money from Jordan's earnings.

In recent years, Jordan worked as a longshoreman. He was planning to retire next year.



Jordan (pictured in his prime): Beaten up—outside the ring

THE FEDS STEP INTO THE RING



Sen. John McCain of Arizona

It may not have made much noise, but on October 9, President Clinton signed into law H.R. 4167, an act of Congress to "provide for the safety of journeyman boxers."

Considering all the dithering Congress has gone through for decades in an effort to shape up the sport, this is a pretty good step forward.

The bill, sponsored by Rep. Michael G. Oxley (R—Ohio) and Rep. Pat Williams (D—Montana), and based largely on legislation introduced by Sen. John McCain (R—Arizona), requires all boxing matches to be sanctioned by state authorities, and sets minimum safety standards. Perhaps the most notable part of the law requires all boxers to register for ID cards, renewable every two years, to prevent them from fighting under assumed identities or while under suspension in another state.

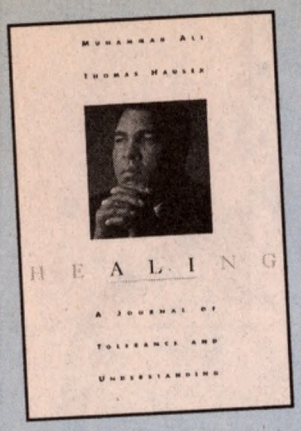
The law also requires that boxers be certified by licensed physicians to fight, and that promoters provide health insurance for each boxer on the card.

States with strong and established commissions aren't going to be affected much by these and other provisions of the law. It's the states with weaker commissions, or no commissions at all, that are going to have to bone up—if there's federal enforcement.

The law takes effect January 1, 1997.

–John Scheinman

THE BOXING BOOKSHELF

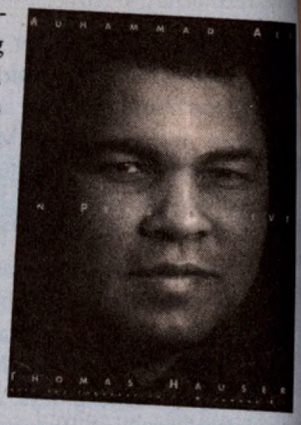


Fifteen years after his last fight, most boxing fans can't get enough of Muhammad Ali. Most fans can't get enough of books on Ali either, which is a good thing because there are enough biographies, picture books, and retrospectives to fill your neighborhood library.

And now there are two more. *Healing: A Journal Of Tolerance And Understanding* (Collins Publishers, 48 pages, $9.95), is like none of the others. It is a small, simple book filled with dozens of wonderful quotes related to the targets of Ali's hit list: prejudice, intolerance, and hatred. Ali and Thomas Hauser, who in 1991 penned the definitive Ali biography, are listed as co-authors, but the words were supplied by the likes of Mark Twain ("All I care to know is that a man is a human being. That is enough for me"), Indira Gandhi ("You cannot shake hands with a clenched fist"), and George Eliot ("Hatred is like fire; it makes even light rubbish deadly").

Boxing fans will enjoy *Healing*, but it should be mandatory classroom reading for young students across the globe.

Hauser also supplies the limited but eloquent text for *Muhammad Ali: In Perspective* (Collins Publishers, 179 pages, $50), which is primarily a picture book featuring quotes about Ali matched with the work of several photographers. Some of the photos are black-and-white, others are color, and—here's the good part—most are new even to veteran Ali-watchers.

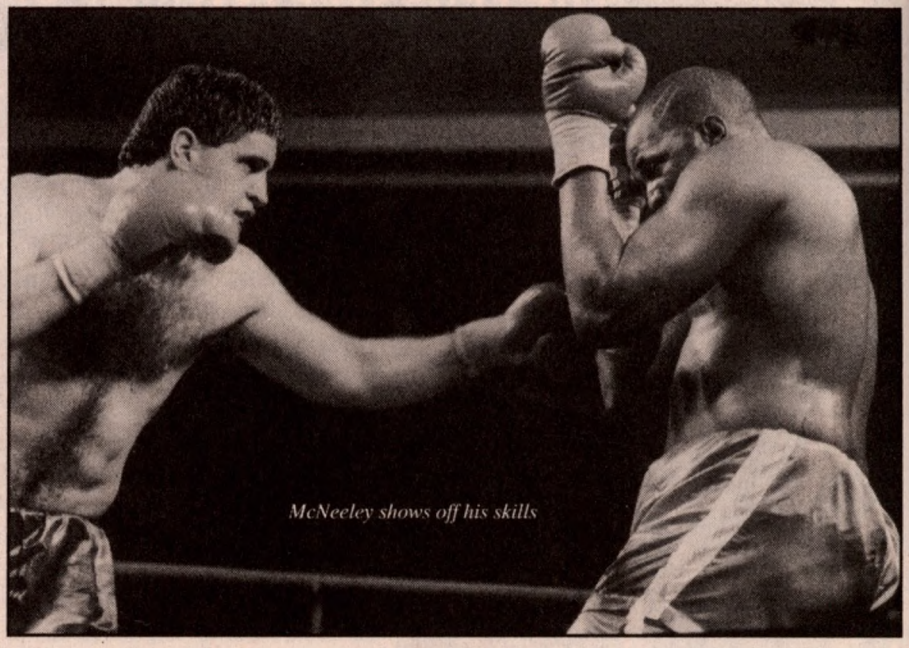


Some of my favorites: Cassius Clay surrounded by a handful of children in Louisville in 1963. Seated on his lap is a six-year-old girl named Lonnie, who, some 20 years later, would become his wife; Ali, wearing Everlast trunks, in a boxing stance on the bottom of a pool; Ali lying in a canoe as his manager-to-be, Herbert Muhammad, paddles down the Nile; a tuxedoed Ali seated with his wife, mother, and nine children on his 50th birthday; and Ali and Lonnie seated on the grass by the pond on their Michigan farm.

Good stuff on "The Greatest."

–Steve Farhood

OUR FIVE FAVORITE BOXING INSULTS


McNeeley shows off his skills

(Inspired by Evander Holyfield's alleged "I'll never fight a rapist" remark regarding Mike Tyson)

5. "Yo, I hear you stuff your protective cup with grapefruit."

4. "Is that all you got? My momma hurt me worse when she powdered my butt."

3. "Sure you got a good record, but didn't I see three of your opponents at that Christy Martin Lookalike Contest last night?"

2. "Do yourself a favor and take a picture of yourself in the dressing room. After the fight, your girlfriend is gonna wonder what you used to look like."

1. "You remind me of a lotta big-name heavyweights: You got the skills of Peter McNeeley, the power of Buster Mathis Jr., and the heart of Bruce Seldon."

BRIDGING THE GAP

As of mid-November, New York neurologist Barry Jordan had tested 32 boxers and former boxers as part of his exploration of the similarities between the condition known as pugilistica dementia and Alzheimer's disease.

Pugilistica dementia is caused by taking too many blows to the head. The cause of Alzheimer's, which afflicts mostly persons over the age of 50, is not yet known. But both diseases leave their victims bereft of memory and the ability to perform even routine day-to-day tasks.

While it has been estimated by some that up to 60 percent of professional boxers will suffer from pugilistica dementia, Jordan says it seems more prevalent in fighters "that box for a long time, and those that have lots of poor performances in the ring."

Jordan is former medical director for the New York State Athletic Commission, and is currently team physician for USA Boxing, the amateur ring governing body. Since last June, he has been giving free neurological examinations and blood work at his New York clinic to boxers and ex-boxers who volunteer to participate in his study.

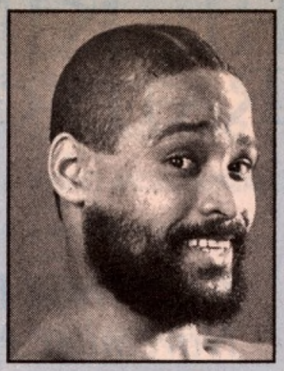
"Among the things we're looking at is if there might be some kind of genetic predisposition to the problem," Jordan said.

The doctor hopes to ultimately test up to 200 fighters. While there are no long-distance traveling expenses paid, "we'll cover their local expenses," Jordan said. "We'll give 'em a few bucks."

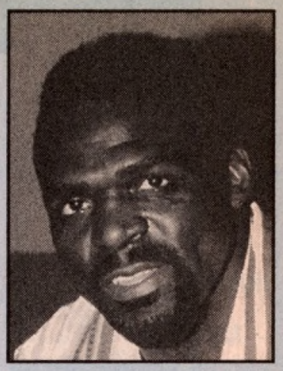
Anyone interested in participating in Dr. Jordan's program may call his office at (212) 606-1536.

–Pete Ehrmann

OUTSIDE THE ROPES



Benitez: Comatose three days



Tubbs: Reason to smile

Former three-division champion **Wilfred Benitez**, 38, who suffers from post-traumatic encephalitis (inflammation of the brain), lapsed into a coma for three days, then regained consciousness. "The first words he said to me were 'God is good,'" said his mother, **Clara Benitez** ... A cocaine possession charge against former heavyweight champion **Tony Tubbs** was dropped in Cincinnati ... The WBC fined its welterweight champion, **Pernell Whitaker**, for not wearing his title belt into the ring ... **Tommy Morrison** received a six-month suspended sentence and a $100 fine after pleading guilty to transporting a loaded firearm. In July, Morrison had suffered a medication-triggered seizure while in his car. As the heavyweight was hospitalized, police found a loaded .22-caliber pistol in the car.

THE PUNCHLINES

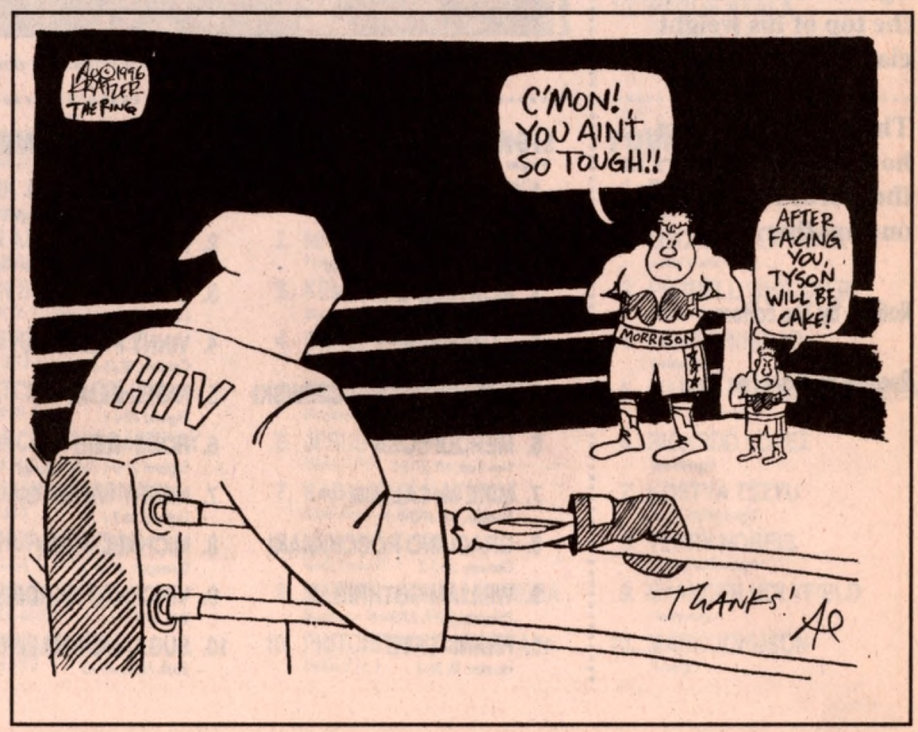
"I had dinner with George Foreman about six months ago, and I said, 'George, you know I'm contemplating coming back,' and he said, 'Ray, let me tell you something. If you can do it, do it. Because if you're going to make a difference, it's best to make a difference now, as opposed to waiting until you're 50 or 60, because you can't make a difference then.'"

–Sugar Ray Leonard

"I wipe my ass with the paper I get."

–Mike Tyson on newspaper coverage of his career

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended November 10, 1996

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

Photo by Jay Lash

Evander Holyfield celebrates his big win and new pound-for-pound status

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. EVANDER HOLYFIELD — Atlanta, GA *34-3 (WBA Champ)*
2. LENNOX LEWIS — England *29-1*
3. RIDDICK BOWE — Fort Washington, MD *39-1*
4. MIKE TYSON — Southington, OH *45-2*
5. MICHAEL MOORER — Detroit, MI *38-1 (IBF Champ)*
6. ANDREW GOLOTA — Chicago, IL *28-1*
7. TIM WITHERSPOON — Philadelphia, PA *45-4*
8. HENRY AKINWANDE — England *31-0-1*
9. OLIVER McCALL — Chicago, IL *28-6*
10. DAVID TUA — Totowa, NJ *25-0*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. NATE MILLER — Philadelphia, PA *28-4 (WBA Champ)*
2. ADOLPHO WASHINGTON — Lexington, KY *26-3-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. MARCELO DOMINGUEZ — Argentina *20-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. FABRICE TIOZZO — France *34-1*
5. ALEXANDER GUROV — Ukraine *18-1-1*
6. KENNY KEENE — Emmett, ID *34-1*
7. CARL THOMPSON — England *19-4*
8. DAVID IZEQWIRE — Washington, D.C. *19-1*
9. TORSTEN MAY — Germany *15-1*
10. YOSUKEZAN NISHIJIMA — Japan *15-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. HENRY MASKE — Germany *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. VIRGIL HILL — Bismarck, ND *42-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. MONTELL GRIFFIN — Chicago, IL *25-0*
4. JAMES TONEY — Ann Arbor, MI *53-2-2*
5. DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI — Germany *31-0-1*
6. MERQUI SOSA — New York, NY *27-5-2*
7. MIKE McCALLUM — Brooklyn, NY *49-3-1*
8. GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI — Germany *38-3-2*
9. WILLIAM GUTHRIE — Philadelphia, PA *22-0*
10. FRANK TATE — Houston, TX *36-4*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. ROY JONES — Pensacola, FL *33-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. FRANK LILES — N. Hollywood, CA *29-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. STEVE COLLINS — Ireland *33-3*
4. VINNY PAZIENZA — Cranston, RI *41-6*
5. NIGEL BENN — England *42-4-1*
6. ROBIN REID — England *21-0-1 (WBC Champ)*
7. HENRY WHARTON — England *24-2-1*
8. MICHAEL NUNN — Davenport, IA *49-3*
9. VINCENZO NARDIELLO — Italy *30-6*
10. SUGARBOY MALINGA — South Africa *41-10*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. BERNARD HOPKINS — Philadelphia, PA *30-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. KEITH HOLMES — Washington, D.C. *29-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. WILLIAM JOPPY — Washington, D.C. *23-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. JOHN DAVID JACKSON — Seattle, WA *35-1*
5. LONNIE BRADLEY — New York, NY *25-0*
6. SHINJI TAKEHARA — Japan *24-1*
7. JORGE CASTRO — Argentina *100-5-2*
8. QUINCY TAYLOR — Dallas, TX *26-4*
9. DANA ROSENBLATT — Malden, MA *28-1*
10. OTIS GRANT — Canada *28-1*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *44-6 (WBC/IBF Champ)*
2. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France *33-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *56-3*
4. **WINKY WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL *35-1*
5. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *36-2*
6. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *29-2*
7. **HECTOR CAMACHO**
   Orlando, FL *63-3*
8. **RAUL MARQUEZ**
   Houston, TX *23-0*
9. **EMMETT LINTON**
   Tacoma, WA *22-2*
10. **ANTHONY STEPHENS**
    Shreveport, LA *27-7-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *39-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *33-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JOSE LUIS LOPEZ**
   Mexico *37-3-1*
5. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *37-2*
6. **PATRICK CHARPENTIER**
   France *22-4*
7. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *22-2-1*
8. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *64-2*
9. **PATRICK COLEMAN**
   Chicago, IL *25-5*
10. **JOSE LUIS NAVARRO**
    Spain *22-1*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *22-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *18-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Warren, OH *53-4-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *97-2-1*
5. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *41-0*
6. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY *38-3*
7. **KHALID RAHILOU**
   France *28-2*
8. **FRED PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *41-21-4*
9. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
   Studio City, CA *46-3*
10. **SOREN SONDERGAARD**
    Denmark *27-1*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *23-0 (WBA Champ)*
2. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *19-0*
3. **PHILLIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *29-0 (IBF Champ)*
4. **GEORGE SCOTT**
   Pembroke Pines, FL *29-1*
5. **JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY**
   France *49-5-2 (WBC Champ)*
6. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *20-0*
7. **LEAVANDER JOHNSON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *26-1-1*
8. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico *39-4*
9. **ARTUR GRIGORJAN**
   Uzbekistan *20-0*
10. **IVAN ROBINSON**
    Delran, NJ *23-0*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Ghana *39-3-2 (WBC Champ)*
2. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *24-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *34-1-1*
4. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *56-4-1*
5. **REGGIE TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY *42-3-1*
6. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea *21-2 (WBA Champ)*
7. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *43-3*
8. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *26-0*
9. **ANATOLY ALEXANDROV**
   Kazakhstan *28-3*
10. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
    San Antonio, TX *30-3-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *44-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Philippines *40-7 (WBC Champ)*
3. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *23-0*
4. **WILFREDO VAZQUEZ**
   Puerto Rico *48-7-3 (WBA Champ)*
5. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY *45-1-2*
6. **EVER BELENO**
   Colombia *33-2*
7. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *39-2*
8. **JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ**
   Mexico *17-1*
9. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico *52-8*
10. **DERRICK GAINER**
    Pensacola, FL *17-4*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *43-0*
2. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
   Mexico *53-7-3 (WBC Champ)*
3. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *31-2 (IBF Champ)*
4. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *30-2-1*
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela *25-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Brooklyn, NY *41-2*
7. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *24-0*
8. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Laredo, TX *43-3-1*
9. **ENRIQUE SANCHEZ**
   Mexico *19-0*
10. **ANGEL CHACON**
    Puerto Rico *20-0*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *20-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *20-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **JORGE ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *34-1*
4. **DAORUNG C. SIRIWAT**
   Thailand *58-5-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **SIRIMONGKOL SINGMANASUK**
   Thailand *12-0 (Interim WBC Champ)*
6. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *36-3*
7. **ANCEE GEDEON**
   Westminster, CA *14-8-1*
8. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *4-1*
9. **ROBBIE REGAN**
   Wales *17-2-3*
10. **PAULIE AYALA**
    Ft. Worth, TX *18-0*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA**
   Japan *20-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *37-0-2*
3. **DANNY ROMERO**
   Albuquerque, NM *29-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **YOKTHAI SITHOAR**
   Thailand *11-0 (WBA Champ)*
5. **GERRY PENALOSA**
   Philippines *34-1-1*
6. **HYUNG CHUL LEE**
   South Korea *19-6*
7. **ALIMI GOITIA**
   Venezuela *15-1*
8. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *21-2*
9. **LUIS BOLANO**
   Colombia *23-0*
10. **POLO SAUCEDO**
    Houston, TX *12-3-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *30-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *23-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **SAEN SOW PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *26-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
   Mexico *32-3-3*
5. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM**
   Thailand *24-1*
6. **CHOKCHAI 3-K BATTERY**
   Thailand *31-2*
7. **ALEJANDRO MONTIEL**
   Mexico *33-2*
8. **ARTHUR JOHNSON**
   East St. Louis, IL *13-3*
9. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA *43-5-1*
10. **JESPER JENSEN**
    Denmark *18-0*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *32-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *42-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **KEIJI YAMAGUCHI**
   Japan *20-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **CARLOS MURILLO**
   Panama *31-3*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *46-5-4*
6. **JESUS CHONG**
   Mexico *29-7*
7. **BABY JAKE MATLALA**
   South Africa *44-10-2*
8. **HI YONG CHOI**
   South Korea *19-2*
9. **MANUEL JESUS HERRERA**
   Dominican Republic *17-4-1*
10. **PHITCHITNOI C. SIRIWAT**
    Thailand *16-1*

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **ROY JONES**
   Super Middleweight
2. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Junior Welterweight
3. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
4. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
5. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Junior Featherweight
6. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
7. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Junior Welterweight
8. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Junior Middleweight
9. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Heavyweight
10. **MARK JOHNSON**
    Flyweight

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Oct. 1983: Special Hagler-Duran Program. Plus: Best fighter poll, Jose Sulaiman, Milton McCrory, Camacho-Limon, DeLeon-Gordon, Hamsho-Benitez, who's who, Bill McNeese.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

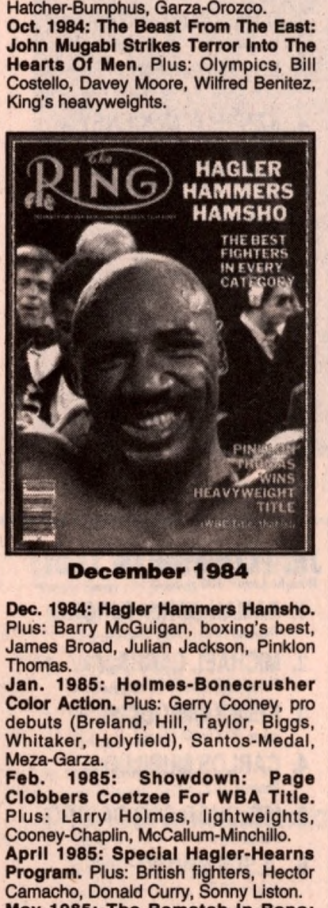
April 1984: Sugar Ray Leonard: "I'm Gonna Be Better Than Ever!" Plus: Ring's ratings of 8,000 fighters, Henry Armstrong, Don Lee, Koji Kobayashi, Mancini-Chacon (color).

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comeback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: Olympic Special: Mark Breland Leads A Strong Squad. Plus: Leonard-Howard, Davila-Sanchez, Bonecrusher-Bruno, Bramble-Mancini, Hatcher-Bumphus, Garza-Orozco.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.



December 1984

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, boxing's best, James Broad, Julian Jackson, Pinklon Thomas.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Truth Williams, Tyrell Biggs, Greg Richardson, Julio Cesar Chavez, Paul-Blake, Witherspoon-Bonecrusher, Berbick-Bey, Pinklon Thomas.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Jeff Fenech, Berbick-Green, John E. Garcia, Dwight Muhammad Qawi, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986 (Awards Issue): Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Ring's Annual Awards, Evander Holyfield, Williamson-Muhammad, Camacho-Roach, 1985 boxing diary.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

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March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man"... Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: ... Rocky Lockridge & Roger Mayweather... Panama, Tony Burton, Chavez-Rosario... Gervacio-Espinoza, Vaca-Honeyghan.

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March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar

Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

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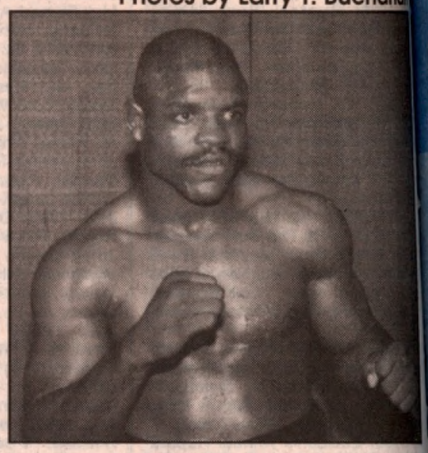
NEW FACES

JERRY BALLARD

Heavyweight

By John Scheinman

Photos by Larry T. Buchana



Jerry Ballard finished his workout at the Sugar Ray Leonard Center in Palmer Park, Maryland, hopped in and out of the shower, and skipped out the front door. Minutes later he was back, sitting up in the bleachers devouring a steaming box of fresh-cooked chicken.

Ballard, 29, is a big man—220 pounds—with a big appetite, most notably for the riches that come with being called heavyweight champion of the world. Since spending three years in prison for, his trainer says, robbing drug dealers on the streets of Washington, D.C., Ballard has turned his life around. With a record of 16-1 (16), he's on the threshold of joining the ranks of new faces that are beginning to turn the heavyweight division upside down.

If you were unfortunate enough to have been at Madison Square Garden for the Riddick Bowe-Andrew Golota riot, you might have seen Ballard at ringside, parading around with a championship belt strapped to his waist. Never mind that it was for some misbegotten IBC title. Ballard wanted everyone to see there was another big fella to be reckoned with. And it wasn't just that evening either. After winning the belt by knocking out crosstown rival Corey Sanders (not to be confused with Corrie Sanders, the contender from South Africa) in June, Ballard almost never took it off for two months.

Ballard squares off against Ron McCarthy

"I used to wear it a lot," said Ballard, nothing left of his chicken lunch but a box of bones. "A girl in D.C. said, 'Why are you wearing that belt out here?' I said, 'Baby, without this belt you don't know who I am. I put a lot of hard work in the gym for this belt.'

"I don't bring it out of the house as much anymore. I didn't know when I fought for it that I was going to feel as good after the fight as I did. I felt lighter. I was lighter on my feet. I could train longer, run farther."

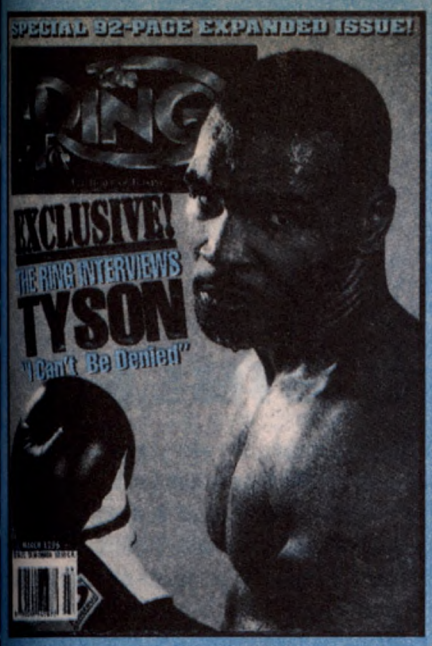
(Continued on page 58)

PRO RECORD

1991		
May 25	Joe Hamilton, Washington, D.C.	KO 2
1992		
March 28	Robert Doyle, Washington, D.C.	KO 3
Nov. 29	Kim Adams, Washington, D.C.	KO 2
1993-1994 Inactive		
1995		
Feb. 2	Bob Leach, Glen Burnie, MD	KO 1
Feb. 11	Rick Medlock, Alexandria, VA	KO 1
March 17	Robert Hawkins, Bushkill, PA	L 4
March 24	Carlton Dickey, Glen Burnie	KO 1
May 13	Trent Surratt, Alexandria	KO 1
Aug. 30	Max Key, Washington, D.C.	KO 1
Oct. 14	Lester Jackson, Scranton, PA	No-Contest 2
Nov. 21	James Holly, Washington, D.C.	KO 1
Dec. 19	Carlton West, Columbia, SC	KO 1
Dec. 26	Earl Bristow, Boone, NC	KO 3
1996		
Feb. 15	Danny Wofford, Glen Burnie	KO 4
April 12	William Campudoni, Richmond, VA	KO 1
June 28	Corey Sanders, Upper Marlboro, MD	KO 6
Aug. 21	James Birch, Raleigh, NC	KO 1
Sept. 26	Ron McCarthy, Glen Burnie	KO 6

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KOs
*18	16	1	0	16

*includes 1 no-contest



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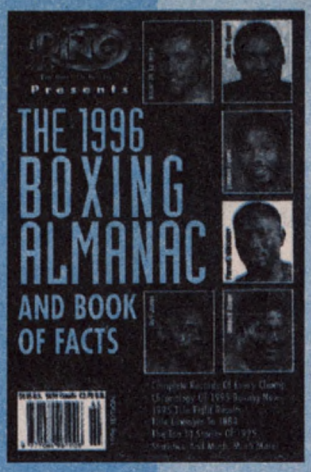

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RYAN OUT LOUD

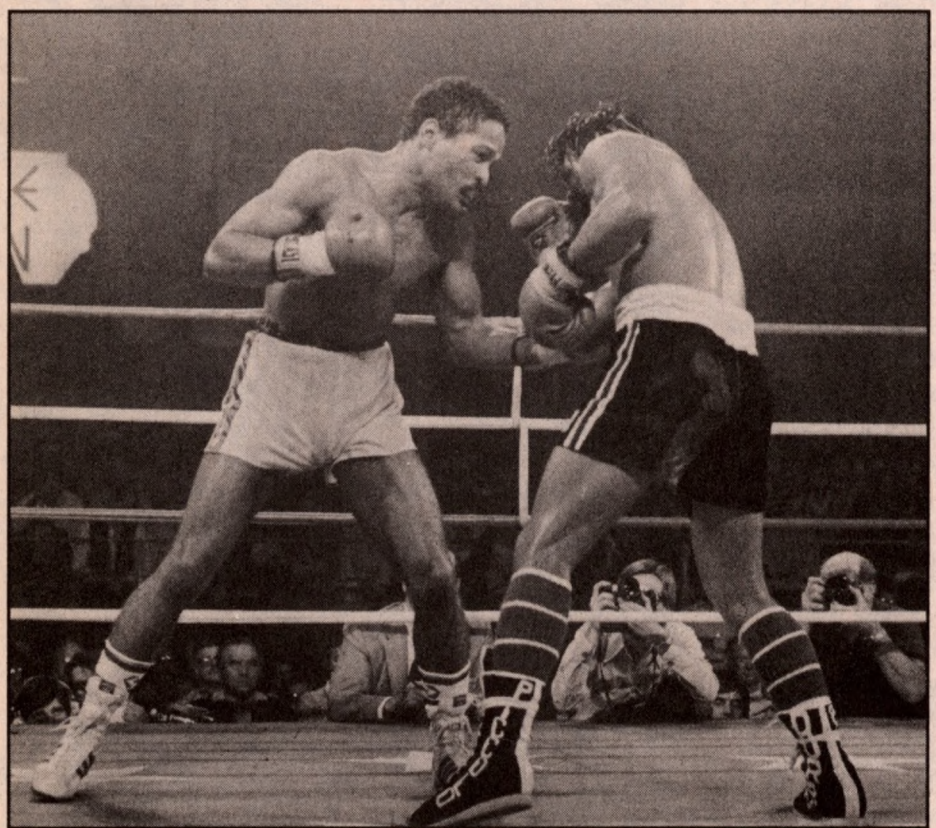
By Jeff Ryan

READING THE BIBLE

In his prime, Wilfred Benitez was not just a great counterpuncher, but also a great counterpu
He was a 10-8 round in our favor, an argument to throw in the face of the boxing-bashers w
labeled the sport an obscenity that appealed only to our dark, sadistic side. It was pretty hard f
the zealots to generalize about boxing being unfit for the feint of heart when Benitez, a guy at t
heart of the feint, could make prize fighting look like fine art. Some of his bouts should have be
preceded not by an undercard, but by a champagne reception for the face-lift and tummy-tu
crowd.

That's why it's cruelly ironic that today Benitez could serve as Exhibit A for those who s
think the fight game ought to be shut down like some sleazy strip club that's besmirching t
neighborhood. For seven years, the Puerto Rican has been suffering from post-traumatic encepha
tis, an inflammation of the brain that is no doubt the result of absorbing punches. Benitez' pligh
however, wasn't greatly publicized until October, when he lapsed into a coma. He emerged from
after a week, but only to return to a life in which he needs assistance walking and suffers from
severe loss of memory.

Even many of us in the industry were unaware of how serious Benitez' health problems were
It's sad to watch Muhammad Ali tremble and mumble at the age of 54. To learn that Benitez is a
broken down as he is at 38, though, i
heartbreaking. Unlike Ali, he can
perform magic tricks to temporarily
bring smiles to the concerned faces
around him, and he'll enjoy no high
like lighting the Olympic flame.
Benitez can recall some of his biggest
bouts, but reportedly can't even
remember traveling to Canastota, New
York, and being inducted into the
International Boxing Hall of Fame last
June.



In one of his finest performances, Benitez frustrated Roberto Duran, outpointing his fellow legend over 15 rounds in 1982. Instinctive and creative, Benitez was among the greatest defensive fighters of all-time.

Benitez had always been one of my
favorite fighters, even though he
didn't own the kind of punch that
gains one automatic entry into my
good graces, and was never a great
quote, even when a translator was in
the room. What made him appealing
to me was that air of mystery about
him. He was so very different, not in a
wacky-haircut-and-fluorescent-robe
kind of way, but more in the manner
of a prodigy who either didn't fully
understand, or didn't care to convey,
what made him exceptional.

Because he spoke limited English,
lived in Puerto Rico, and was inex-

plicably ignored by much of the press outside New York, we didn't know every detail of his life and career, as we did Sugar Ray Leonard's and Thomas Hearns'. And the brand of machismo he displayed—aloofness and cockiness, as opposed to the middle-finger-extending defiance of Roberto Duran—didn't compel people to position themselves in front of their TV sets on a Saturday afternoon. Nonetheless, Benitez had something that counterpunchers and defensive specialists rarely have: a presence.

During one of the most intense staredowns of all-time, one that preceded his 1979 showdown with Leonard, Benitez tilted his head back to literally look down his nose at his rival. Years later, Sugar would admit to me, he had been "scared senseless."

"Benitez had an aura," Leonard said. "He had this thing about him, a coolness. It was so smooth the way he would execute that smirk during the staredown. He was relaxed and I was clicking my teeth. Psychologically, it was an amateur trying to compete with a professional."

That fight would turn out to be the Puerto Rican's first defeat, though referee Carlos Padilla's stoppage with six seconds remaining in the final round, with Benitez surely able to survive, was foolish. My hopes of having any money for that weekend were TKO'd, too, the result of my having bet on Benitez with my college roommates. What had riled me was their prefight assumption that "the guy" Leonard was facing was just another Andy Price or Pete Ranzany. Benitez won titles in three divisions, but his due respect from the mainstream was something he was never able to capture.

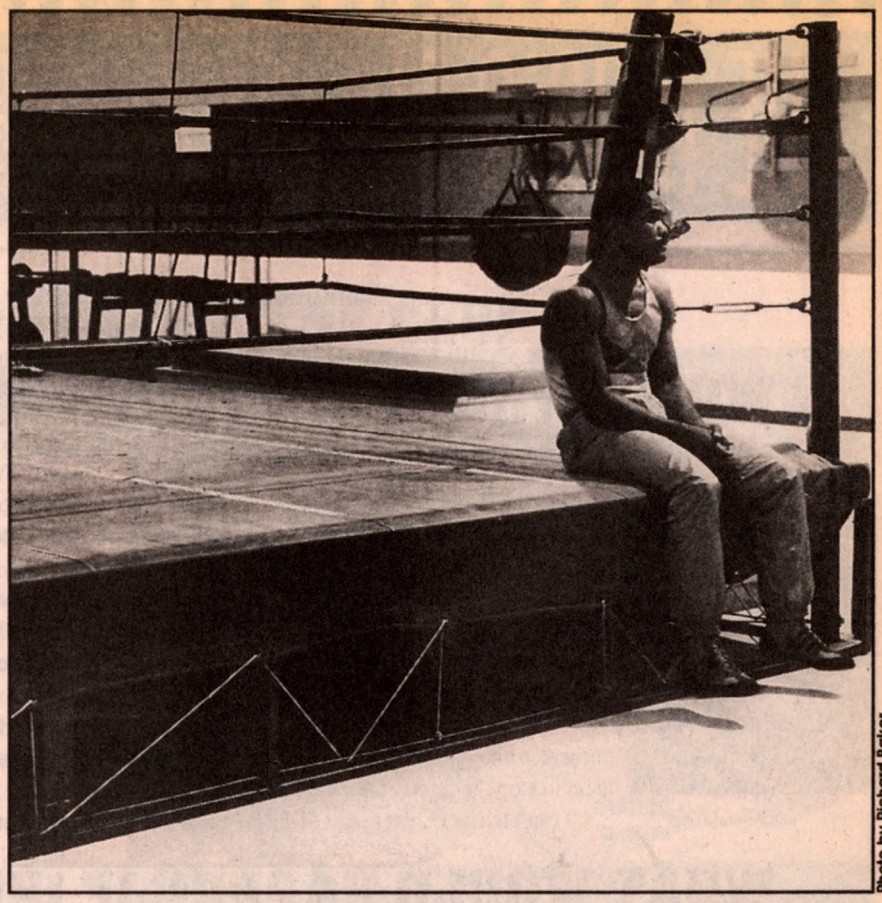


Photo by Richard Baker

Toward the end of his career, Benitez became a sad, lonely figure, lost in a world he was incapable of negotiating. He now suffers from post-traumatic encephalitis, and is in the care of his mother.

He did stretch a talented Maurice Hope with an uncharacteristic one-punch kayo in '80, and outpoint a still-dangerous Duran in '82, but a majority decision defeat to marquee star Hearns later that year convinced many that Benitez was a cut below the true elite. He didn't help his reputation when he was decisioned by, of all people, crude Mustafa Hamsho in an ill-advised move to middleweight in '83, was stopped after injuring his ankle against Davey Moore in '84, and was blasted out by Matthew Hilton in '86, all on network TV. (Benitez never could take a shot, and yet his chin wasn't the determining factor in any defeat until he was on the downside of his career.)

Unfortunately for Benitez, he was so gifted that he often didn't train hard and never reached his full potential. Many of his finest moments came before Leonard arrived and made the public pay attention to the welters. That explains why only true aficionados of the sport know how good Benitez really was.

As a *17-year-old* in 1976, he dethroned legendary WBA junior welterweight king Antonio Cervantes in what stands as—no exaggeration—one of the most remarkable achievements in ring history. Benitez was particularly effective in rematches, following unexpectedly close encounters against Harold Weston Jr. and dynamite-fisted Bruce Curry with boxing-clinic performances. Ten months before meeting Leonard, he won the WBC welterweight belt from Carlos Palomino, making an outstanding champion look befuddled and outclassed under the San Juan sun.

The phrase "born to be a fighter" has become so overused, it has lost all impact. How do we know Mike Tyson was born to be a fighter? If his quickness and toughness are any indication, a few years spent in the weight room might have turned him into an ideal middle linebacker. With his smile and charisma, maybe Oscar De La Hoya was born to be an actor. George Foreman? A politician.

Watch films of Benitez, though, see him moving like a bobblehead doll, slipping punches by an inch and countering with pinpoint combinations, and tell me he was born to do anything else. He called himself "The Bible Of Boxing," and couldn't explain why any better than he could explain how his radar worked against incoming Everlast missiles. He has always been off-beat and unpredictable. Leonard revealed that Benitez even dated one of Sugar's sisters following their battle.

It wasn't until years after I began admiring Benitez that I learned we share the same birthday, September 12. I hope he has many more to celebrate. He slipped one more dangerous punch in October, and in the process, got many of us thinking about what he once meant to this game.

Many gloves put him down, but among those who really know their boxing, few voices ever did. ■

THE RING'S QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH

Compiled by Thad Moore

Q: WOULD YOU FIGHT TOMMY MORRISON?

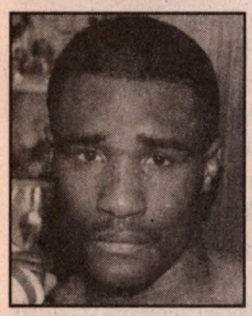
Buster Mathis Jr., heavyweight: "It's a hard question. It is too risky of a fight. With the blood involved, it's dangerous. Morrison is a very good fighter. He is a good athlete. But he is also HIV positive. For five million [dollars], I may do it.

"On one hand, he's donating his money to AIDS research, which is good. On the other hand, he is endangering people's lives by fighting. If I fought him, I would stay on top of him, move my head, stay aggressive, and just fight like I do all of my opponents. I would use my jab and not get into a dangerous fight with him. I would be a moving target.

"The fight should be stopped if either fighter gets cut. I'm training to fight for 12 rounds. I want to get out of there without any injury. The doctors and refs have their jobs to do. If somebody gets cut, I would rely on them to stop the fight.

"I can't tell any fighter what to do. It's up to the fighter, whether he should fight Morrison or not."

Q: WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF IKE QUARTEY MET FELIX TRINIDAD?

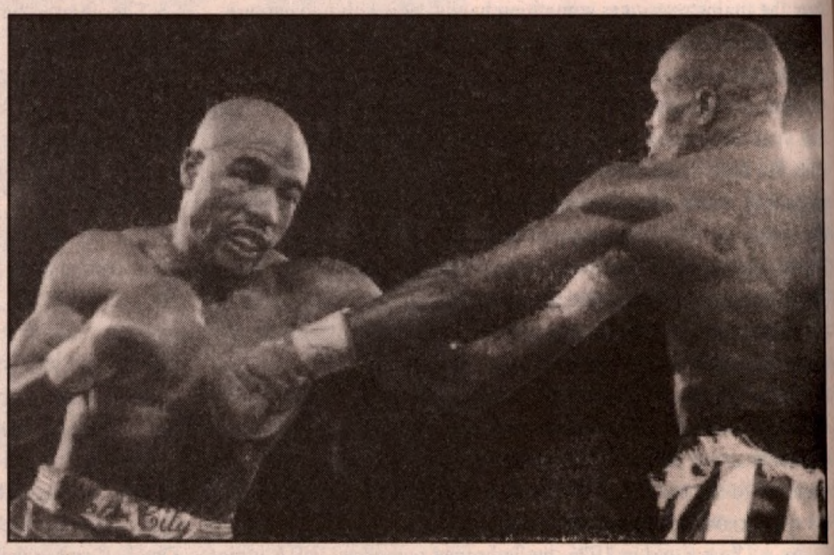


Oba Carr, welterweight contender who has fought both Quartey and Trinidad: "Quartey is a stronger fighter than Trinidad. He fights like a bulldozer and has a really good jab. Trinidad is very patient, but has a weak chin. Trinidad also has a good jab. They are both vicious fighters. Trinidad always paces himself and fights on the defensive. Quartey fights aggressively. His weakness is getting hit to the body.

"Against Trinidad, I wasn't prepared 100 percent physically and mentally. I wasn't focused. As I watch [a tape of] my fight with Quartey, I feel I beat him easily. I kept my jab in his face the whole night and worked the body. Whenever I hit Quartey to the body, he complained like a little girl. He didn't fight like a champion. I felt I outfought and outclassed him.

"If they fight, I think Trinidad would win. Quartey is subject to a right hand and left hook to the body. I exposed Quartey. Trinidad would hit him with the hook. He has a really good hook. He'd also outsmart and outthink him.

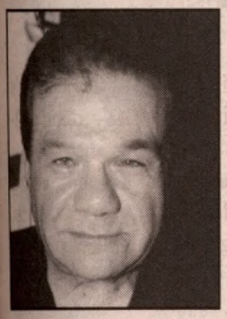
"Trinidad is susceptible to an early-rounds knockout. Quartey is very strong and will come after him. But styles make fights. By fighting patiently and using his jab and going to the body, Trinidad will win by a late-TKO or kayo."



In October, Oba Carr found WBA welterweight champion Ike Quartey easier to hit than might have been expected. Carr, who lost a majority decision to the Ghanaian titlist, believes IBF champion Felix Trinidad would beat Quartey.

What do boxing's insiders think of the hot issues? Each month, we'll come up with four or five questions, then grill the experts. If there's a topic you'd like examined, send your question to The Ring, Questions Of The Month, P.O. Box 1148, Fort Washington, PA 19034

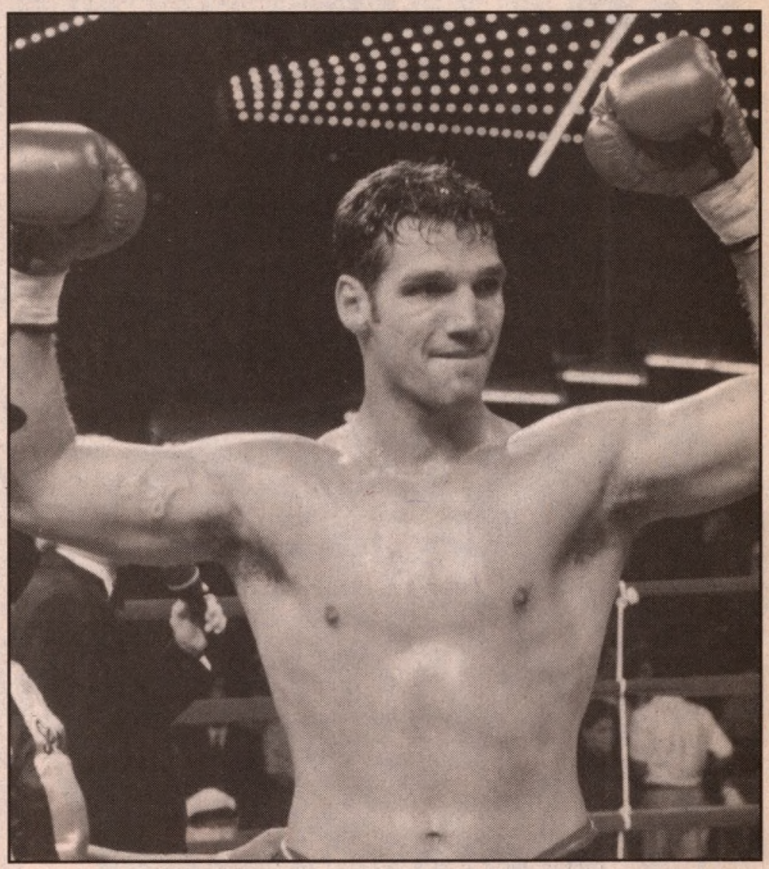
Q: WHO IS THE BEST OF THE CROP OF YOUNG HEAVYWEIGHTS?



Don Elbaum, promoter: "I am in love with Andrew Golota. He's as doubly tough as they come. And he has a better jab than people give him credit for. He has an iron chin. He has tremendous balls, and he's a good puncher. Golota also has strength and conditioning. He's ready for anybody. Mike Tyson is just a four- or five-round fighter. After that, he's just a regular fighter. If Golota could withstand Tyson for five or six rounds and then fight him on his terms, he'd knock him out. He's an all-around good fighter, the best of a very poor lot.

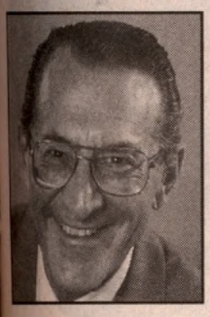
"I like David Tua. He is another guy that can just knock your head off. He punches great. Tua is undefeated and young. This gives you more drive. These fighters can see the future.

"I don't think Lou Savarese is as bad as people think. He may be a darkhorse, someone who could surprise. He has a good left jab. I like what I see. Being a white heavyweight, people see him as a joke. He is a good boxer and better puncher. Savarese could beat George Foreman, and I would make a fight with Lennox Lewis a toss-up. Unfortunately, Savarese has been overprotected as a pro, which has hurt. He's a good boxer with a good left hand, and may be the heavyweight of the '90s."



Is Lou Savarese the heavyweight of the '90s? Promoter Don Elbaum, a keen judge of talent, describes Big Lou as "someone who could surprise."

Q: WHEN WAS BOXING'S TRUE GOLDEN ERA AND WHY?



Bill Cayton, manager and collector of fight films: "The true golden era of boxing was from 1950-1960. Boxing was dominated by the International Boxing Club, which controlled the business. We did not have the problems then that we have now. Sugar Ray Robinson, Joe Louis, and Rocky Marciano fought during this time. Rocky Graziano had all of his fights in this period.

"I own fight films dating from 1897 to the present. The difference between the '50s and now is that back then, the number-one contender would be happy to fight the number-two contender. You also had two networks, NBC and CBS, televising fights weekly. Every Wednesday and Friday there were fights that you could watch on national TV for free. There was more boxing on TV than at any other time. And the fighters were the likes of Marciano and Robinson. That was the best part of that era." ■

ROY JONES AND TH

The Biggest Challenge Of All

By Phil Berger

So what do you do when there's nobody to fight?

That's the dilemma faced by Roy Jones, the IBF super middleweight champion with the ungodly skills.

Merqui Sosa, Eric Lucas, and Bryant Brannon have proved to be mere foils for Jones, whose combination of quickness and power has made the bigger names in the division, like Frankie Liles and Steve Collins, take a judicious pass when offered the chance to rumble with him.

This shortage of opposition at 168 pounds is not exactly late-breaking news. For more than a year now, it has been apparent that Jones is simply too good for today's super middleweights. No suspense. No challenge.

And for more than a year, Jones' handlers have tried to solve the dilemma by matching him against a big-name heavyweight. That's right, Jones is willing to leapfrog the light heavyweight and cruiserweight divisions if the right heavy-

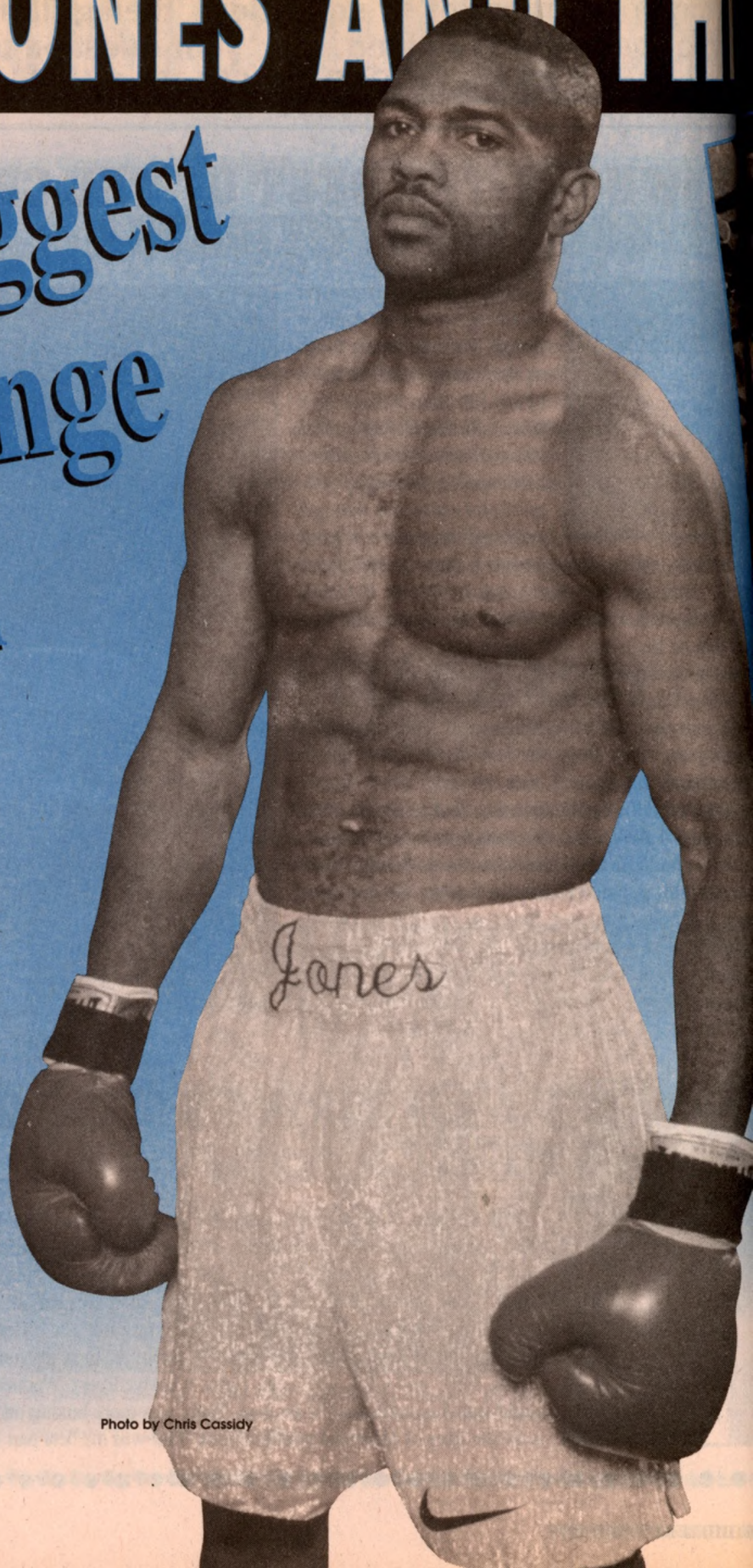


Photo by Chris Cassidy

HEAVYWEIGHTS

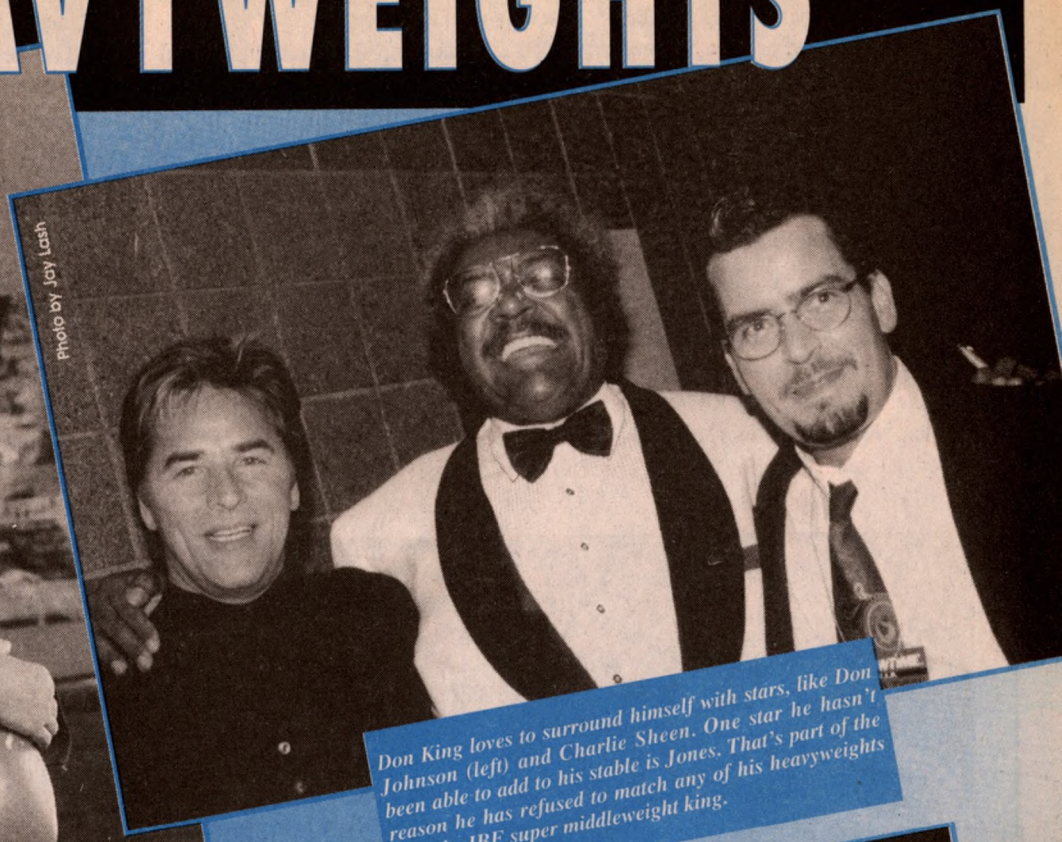
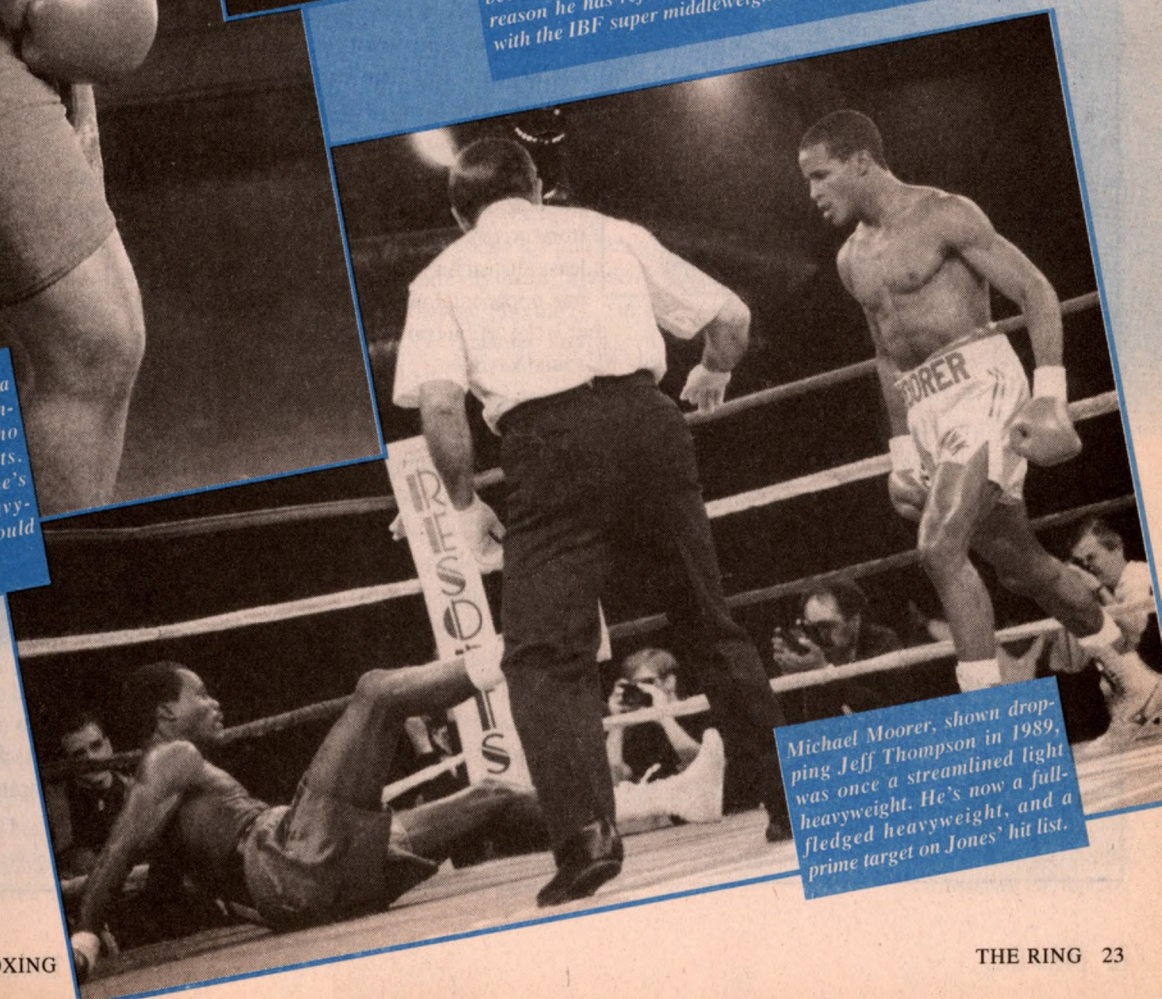


Photo by Joy Lash

Don King loves to surround himself with stars, like Don Johnson (left) and Charlie Sheen. One star he hasn't been able to add to his stable is Jones. That's part of the reason he has refused to match any of his heavyweights with the IBF super middleweight king.

Buster Mathis Jr. is a respected fringe contender, but one who wields featherfists. For that reason, he's among the heavyweights Jones would like to fight.



Michael Moorer, shown dropping Jeff Thompson in 1989, was once a streamlined light heavyweight. He's now a full-fledged heavyweight, and a prime target on Jones' hit list.

weight would agree to fight him.

"Lord knows, we've tried," said Stan Levin, who, with his brother Fred, co-promotes Jones.

The biggest obstacle so far has been promoter Don King, who, after trying and failing to woo Jones away from the Levins, managed to stay on speaking terms with Fred. So when King's most important promotional asset, Mike Tyson, was released from prison last year, Fred phoned him and sought to make a Tyson-Jones match.

King's reaction?

"Well," said Stan Levin, "Fred called him, and over the speakerphone proposed the fight. 'Don, my friend,' Fred said, 'we'd make a fortune with Roy against Mike Tyson.' King started laughing. When he stopped, he said, 'That Roy Jones is one smart [man].' What he said, almost his exact words, were, 'You must think I'm out of my f_____ mind if you think I'm going to put a million-dollar property in the ring with Roy Jones.'"

The Jones camp saw the fight as a calculated gamble. With Tyson just released from the Indiana Youth Center, he figured to be rusty and slow, and as susceptible as he would ever be to Jones' quickness.

"We were real serious about it," said Stan Levin. "Fred, Roy, and myself talked about it. We'd had all sorts of trouble finding opponents at Roy's weight. We were trying to find another path."

With King having quashed a Tyson fight, Fred Levin made another offer, one he was sure the hair-headed promoter would seriously consider: Jones vs. the WBA heavyweight champion, Bru Seldon.

"And," said Stan Levin, "we agreed t give back the title if Roy won it."

Once again, King's reaction was laug ter. The Levins were surprised he wou dismiss their offer in so cavalier a manne But consider what the prospect of Jone whupping Seldon would have done to th public's perception of the heavyweig division. The people would have begun t think twice about the champions (Seldo Frank Bruno, and Frans Botha) King ha maneuvered to titles while Tyson wa doing time, and "Iron Mike's" quest fo championship belts would be cheapened i the process. Moreover, Tyson himself would diminish in value if a 168-pound fighter could beat a heavyweight champi-

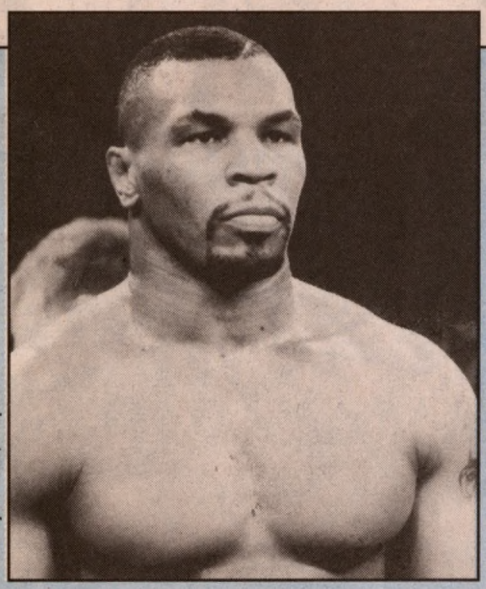


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Would Tyson simply steamroll Jones?

JONES vs. THE BIG BOYS

When Roy Jones first considered fighting heavyweights, he ruled out tall opponents like Riddick Bowe, Lennox Lewis, and even Jorge Luis Gonzalez. The only exception was the 6'4" Lou Savarese, an undefeated heavyweight Jones figured he could beat handily.

Here's one man's opinion of Jones' chances against Savarese and some other world-class heavyweights.

Jones vs. Lou Savarese: Savarese is very mechanical and quick of neither hand nor foot. His record is a triumph of cautious matchmaking. Jones would be able to move in and out and score readily. Jones by seventh-round kayo.

Jones vs. Buster Mathis Jr.: One of the strategies the Jones camp toyed with was to retrace the route Tyson had taken since his emergence from prison. Jones was going to fight the same opponents and, ideally, at least, dispatch them just as easily. The plan was scratched, but Mathis was one opponent Jones remained interested in. Mathis is technically skilled, but lacks serious power. Jones wouldn't have to be as cautious as if fighting some of the division's bigger hitters. Jones by fifth-round kayo.

Jones vs. Bruce Seldon: Seldon is fine as a frontrunner. Let him establish his jab and he can win. He's a tricky proposition for a super middleweight because he has pretty good hand speed and a boxer's technical know-how. Jones would have to break Seldon's vulnerable psyche by outquicking him while frustrating him with elusiveness. Jones by decision.

Jones vs. Michael Moorer: Moorer is a Dr. Strangeglove heavyweight. It's hard to tell what's on his mind when he's out there. Sometimes he seems absolutely uninterested. The strategy of lulling the reluctant Moorer with a strictly boxing approach and moving away from his right hand is sound. Jones by decision.

Jones vs. Mike Tyson: A bad fight for Jones. Tyson's not easy to avoid. It's not simply his ultra-aggressiveness, but those quick feet of his. The casual observer misses that. Like a lot of guys, Jones would hope to get Tyson four or five rounds into the match in the hopes that he'd slow down. It's wishful thinking. Tyson by fifth-round kayo.

Jones vs. Evander Holyfield: A confession: Before Holyfield put a whuppin' on Tyson, this corner, based on having seen "The Real Deal" in his third fight with Riddick Bowe and vs. Bobby Czyz, thought he was a shot fighter. Jones might've eeked out a decision over *that* Holyfield. But the Holyfield who beat Tyson had strength and poise, and was a technically sound fighter. The key would be how Jones stands up to Holyfield's punches. It shapes up as an intriguing, competitive matchup. Holyfield by close decision.

–PB

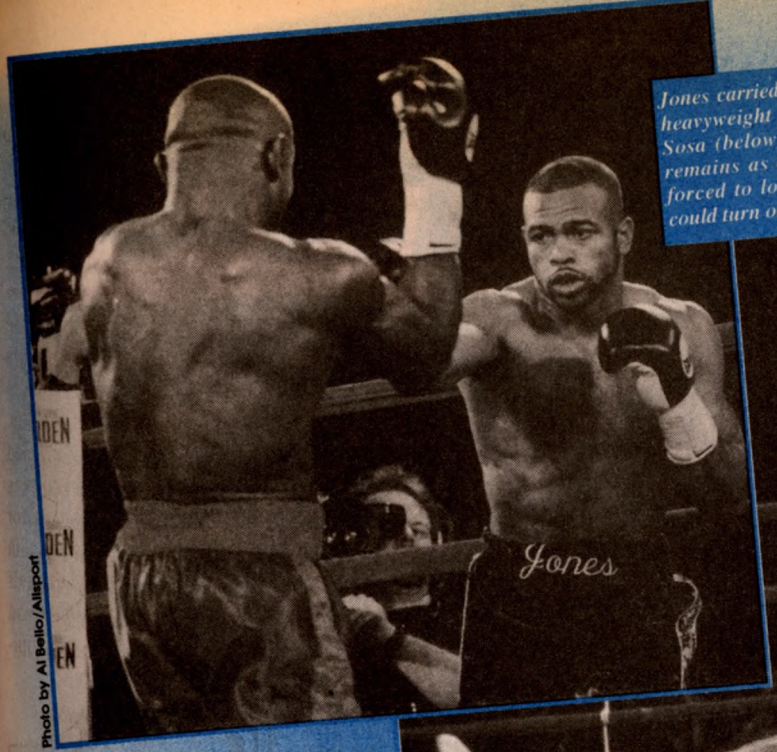


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

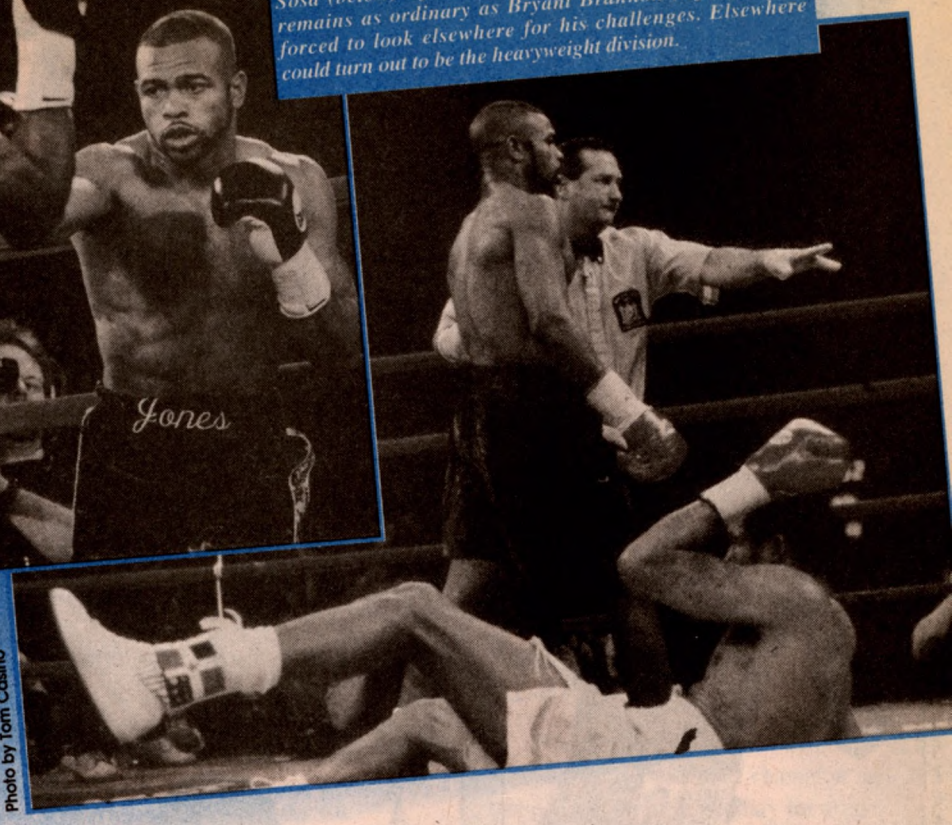


Photo by Tom Casino

Jones carried his power with him when he jumped to light heavyweight for his match with the steel-chinned Merqui Sosa (below). If his competition at super middleweight remains as ordinary as Bryant Brannon (left), he'll be forced to look elsewhere for his challenges. Elsewhere could turn out to be the heavyweight division.

on. In refusing a Seldon-Jones bout, King was doing what he does best—taking care of number one.

"For lawyers, they have a good sense of humor," said Mike Marley, King's publicist, said of the Levins. "What Don King heavyweight would be shaking in his boots to fight a guy who's 168 pounds?"

With Tyson and Seldon ruled out, the Jones camp reconnoitered. Jones said he was still interested in fighting a heavyweight, but not just any heavyweight. He wanted a heavyweight of stature, which ruled out the undefeated Lou Savarese, whom Jones was sure he could beat, possibly even by knockout. No, Jones wanted one fight against a heavyweight with credentials, like Evander Holyfield, or with a title, like Michael Moorer. One heavyweight fight and goodbye. Jones didn't want to make a habit of being hit by the big fellows.

Word went out, through other parties, to the camps of both Holyfield and Moorer that Jones was ready and eager to do battle with either man. There was no response from the Holyfield people. For a while, the Moorer camp seemed interested. Teddy Atlas, Moorer's trainer, said it was a fight he liked. But in the end, John Davimos, Moorer's manager, phoned the Levins' friend and confidante, John Hornewer, and said, "No way."

"It was early this year [1996]," recalled Hornewer, a boxing attorney, "and Davimos said, 'I'm gonna tell you straight-out, Michael's already been in a no-win fight [against George Foreman]. I'm not gonna put him in another one. I could never let him do it.'"

What Davimos was implying was that if Moorer won, people would say, "So what? He beat a little guy." But if he lost, the humiliation of having lost to an old man would be compounded.

"It was," said Hornewer, "the sensible thing to do, though not the best thing for Roy Jones. Sensible because Moorer stands to make $14-million for his next two fights, $3.5-million against Botha and, if he beats him, $10.5-million against Tyson. And that's the end for him."

Still, Moorer occupies Jones' thoughts. Before his fight against Brannon in October, when Jones sat before HBO's cameras and answered questions from the press and public, he reiterated that if he were to fight a heavyweight, Moorer would be his choice.

"Oh, yeah," said Hornewer, "Roy feels he can beat Moorer every day of the week. Moorer fights left-handed, but his power is in his right hand. So the strategy Roy had devised was to do the same as he had against James Toney and move to *his* right, away from the other man's power. He figured Moorer, like Toney, wouldn't be able to touch him and eventually would become frustrated. Whap, whap, whap—keep busy and don't really hurt him. Because Moorer's the type of fighter that will go along with the pace. With Michael, it's like there's an unspoken truce until an opponent hurts him. The only times he's fought hard have been against Alex Stewart and Bert Cooper, two guys who hit him with heavy licks early."

So where does that leave Jones? Well, he's still desirous of fighting a heavyweight, and hopeful that as time goes by the right situation will arise. As he continues to dominate super middleweights and intrigue fans with the notion of his taking

(Continued on page 59)

THE 10 FIGHTERS

By Nigel Collins

Every year is a breakthrough year for certain fighters, the time they vault into the forefront of the fight fans' collective consciousness-and into a higher tax bracket. Nineteen-ninety-six was such a year for junior featherweight sensation Marco Antonio Barrera, thanks mainly to his electrifying war with Kennedy McKinney. But had Barrera's 12th-round knockout of McKinney not been televised

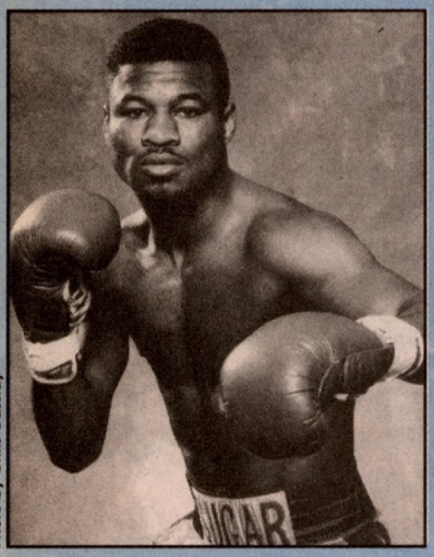


Photo by Chris Cassidy

Shane Mosley

on HBO, it wouldn't have boosted his stock nearly as much. Without the proper exposure, a great fighter can languish in obscurity. Which fighters, then,

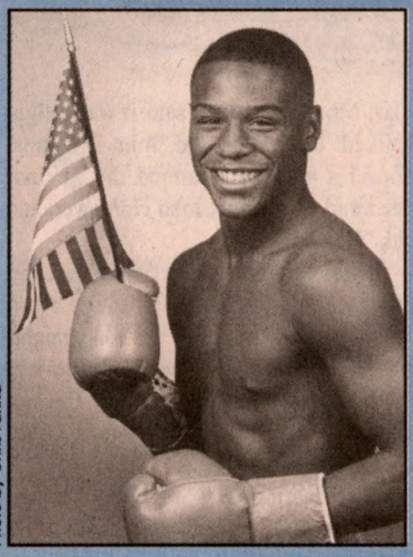


Photo by Chris Farina

Floyd Mayweather Jr.

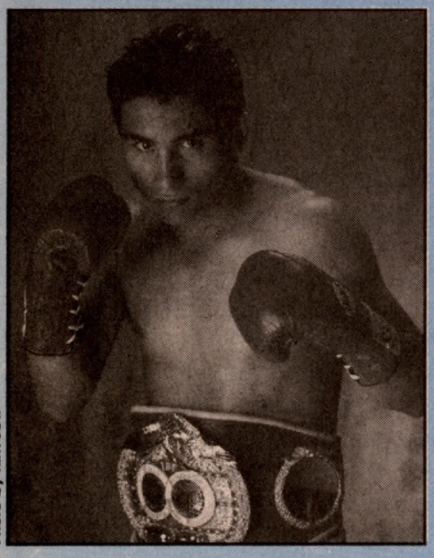


Photo by Kim Jew

Danny Romero

have both the talent and connections to make 1997 the year they join boxing's elite group of superstars? THE RING has nominated the following 10 fighters as the most likely candidates.

Kostya Tszyu
IBF Junior Welterweight Champion
18-0 (14)

Where He's Been: Garnered rave reviews in the American media by winning the IBF belt with a dominant sixth-round kayo of Jake Rodriguez in January 1995, but became something of a forgotten man on this side of the Pacific when he returned home to Australia for his next three bouts—defenses against Roger Mayweather (W 12), Corey Johnson (KO 4), and Jan Bergman (KO 6). Impressive performance against the previously unbeaten Bergman confirmed Tszyu's status as a potential superstar.

Where He's Going: A multifight deal with Top Rank will bring him back to the USA, starting with a spot on the Oscar De La Hoya-Miguel Angel Gonzalez pay-per-view show in January.

"The idea is to build Tszyu into a big enough attraction to fight De La Hoya somewhere down the road," said Top Rank Vice President Todd duBoef. "It will probably take three to five fights."

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: A handful of sensational knockouts over quality opponents on American TV.

Danger Zone: Inside of De La Hoya's punching range.

David Tua
Heavyweight
25-0 (21)

Where He's Been: Everybody loves a knockout artist, and back-to-back one-round blowouts of fellow prospects John Ruiz and Darroll Wilson on HBO have made the hard-hooking Samoan the hottest young stud in the division. Adding to Tua's appeal is his colorful background and complex personality. He grew up on the tiny island of Faleatiu, where he acquired an affinity for poetry while sharpening his devastating left hook by

TO WATCH IN '97

Jake Rodriguez learned that Kostya Tszyu's right hand is every bit as destructive as Oscar De La Hoya's left hand. De La Hoya-Tszyu might turn out to be the Hagler-Hearns of the '90s.

sparring with older men in the back room of his father's convenience store.

Where He's Going: A December date on HBO with David Izonritei should result in another kayo victory and further expansion of Tua's rapidly growing fan-base. Co-manager Lou Duva says the 27-year-old banger is ready for anybody, including Mike Tyson. A more realistic timetable will include another year's buildup before Tua challenges for a world title.

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: A win over a top-10 contender.

Danger Zone: When he fights somebody with the skills to extend him into the late rounds, and the punch to take advantage of the situation.

Erik Morales
Junior Featherweight
24-0 (19)

Where He's Been: Turned pro in Tijuana at age 16 and rapidly advanced through the ranks, winning the Mexican and NABF junior featherweight titles before his 20th birthday. Signed a promotional contract with Top Rank in 1995, and received valuable exposure by knocking out Armando Castro on the De La Hoya-Genaro Hernandez PPV card. Morales is no face-first Mexican slugger. He makes good use of his height (5'8") to box intelligently from long range. Also has the power to put people away.

Where He's Going: Already holds down the number-one position in the WBC super bantamweight rankings and is assured a mandatory shot by March '97. Even so, there's no guarantee that reigning champion Daniel Zaragoza will fight him, especially if a more lucrative fight against Wayne McCullough materializes. But that's okay; Morales has plenty of time.

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: A knockout win over a marquee name.

Danger Zone: Marco Antonio Barrera

William Guthrie
Light Heavyweight
22-0 (19)

Where He's Been: The former National Golden Gloves champion served time in a federal penitentiary for drug dealing, but has gone straight since being released in 1993. Pro career finally began to advance after signing with Don King in '95. And though his fights have gone practically unnoticed on King's marathon undercards, he's steadily climbed the rankings, thanks more to DK's clout than the caliber of Guthrie's victims. Even so, he

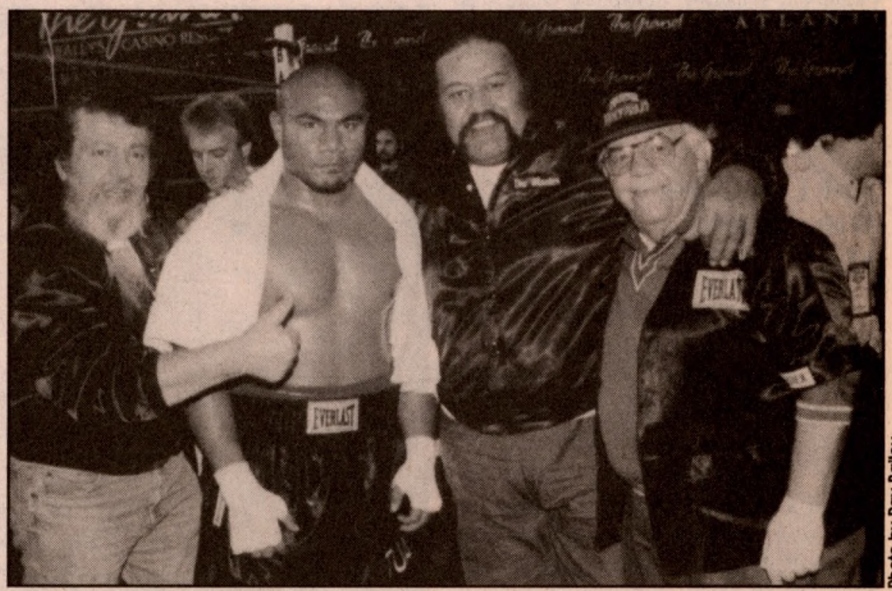


Photo by Ray Bailey

With a team like this, how can powerpunching heavyweight David Tua possibly fail? (From left) Capt. Lou Albano, Tua, Afa the Samoan, and co-manager Lou Duva.

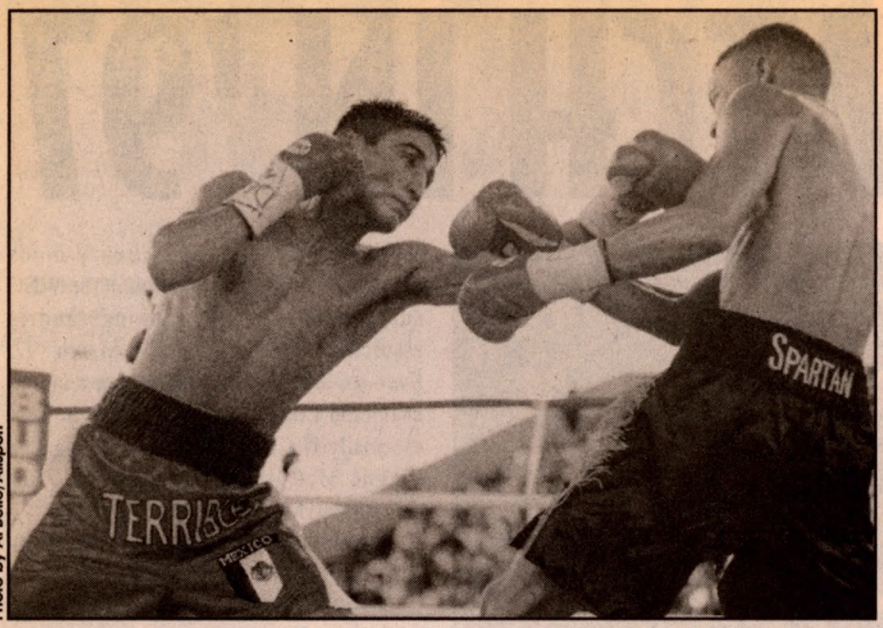


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Morales showed a classy look in outpointing former world champion Hector Acero-Sanchez in June. The 122-pound division is full of talent, and the Mexican appears ready to blossom.

has the personality—he's outgoing and articulate—and punching power to pump new life into a moribund division.

Where He's Going: "I was ready to fill in against Henry Maske when Virgil Hill hurt his elbow," said Guthrie, the IBF's number-one challenger. "But now they've rescheduled, and I've got the winner."

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: A victory over the Maske-Hill winner would certainly suffice. But Maske, who is favored to beat Hill, has said he will retire after fighting the WBA champion. Whatever transpires, Guthrie is well-positioned to make his big move in early-'97.

Danger Zone: A relapse into the lifestyle that put him behind bars.

Jose Luis Lopez
Welterweight
37-3-1 (29)

Where He's Been: Was just another faceless Mexican until journeying to Liverpool, England, to fight Eamonn Loughran in April 1996. Not only did Lopez, 23, upset the popular Irishman, he dropped him three times en route to 51-second knockout! Proved the stunning upset was no fluke by tallying a fifth-round TKO of hard-hooking Yori Boy Campas in October.

Where He's Going: As another stellar addition to the white-hot 147-pound division, he'd match up well with any of the champs. And that's exactly what his promoter, Main Events, has in mind.

"We want to put him on HBO's *Boxing After Dark* in January, probably against somebody like Tony Martin or Kip Diggs," said Main Events matchmaker Carl Moretti. "Then, if everything goes well, we'll showcase him on an Ike Quartey card, with the idea of eventually matching them together. He could also fight Pernell Whitaker, but most likely it'll be Quartey."

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: Beat Quartey, assuming Main Events' long-range plans come to fruition.

Danger Zone: Getting knocked off along the way.

Shane Mosley
Lightweight
19-0 (18)

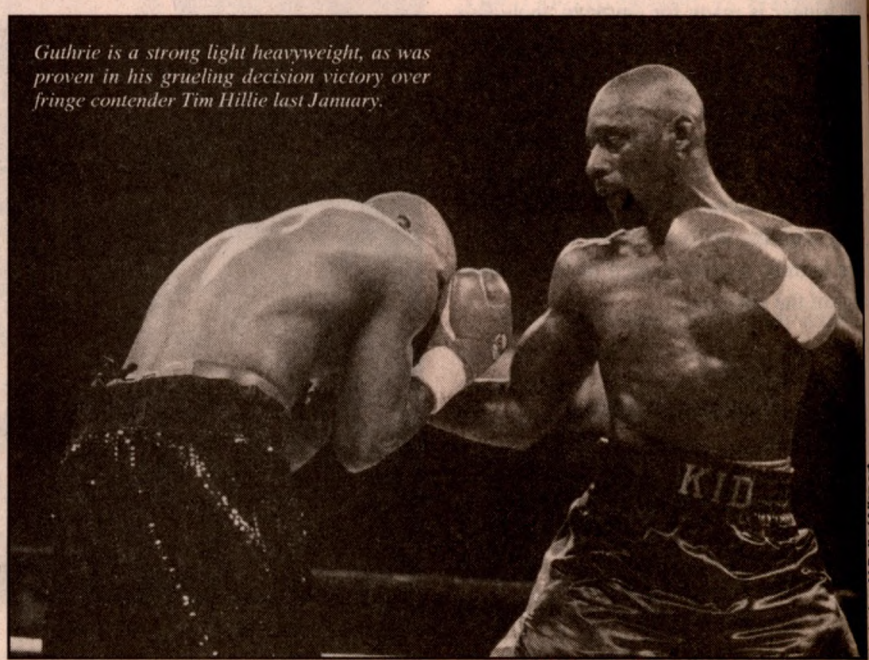
Where He's Been: Defeated De La Hoya, Rafael Ruelas, and Steve Johnston in the amateurs, but failed to obtain an Olympic berth when Kelcie Banks beat him at the 1988 Olympic Trials. Despite an abundance of talent and a pristine record, his pro progress has been retarded by an inability to align himself with a major promoter. That dilemma was finally solved in October '96, when he signed with Cedric Kushner.

"In thinking about a new promoter, I ended up going with Cedric Kushner because I knew he would provide me with the activity I need," said Mosley.

Where He's Going: "We want to get him two or three fights on our rising stars shows, then a title shot," said Kushner publicist Gregory Juckett. "It will probably be against either [IBF champion] Phillip Holiday or George Scott. We promote both of them, so it shouldn't be a problem."

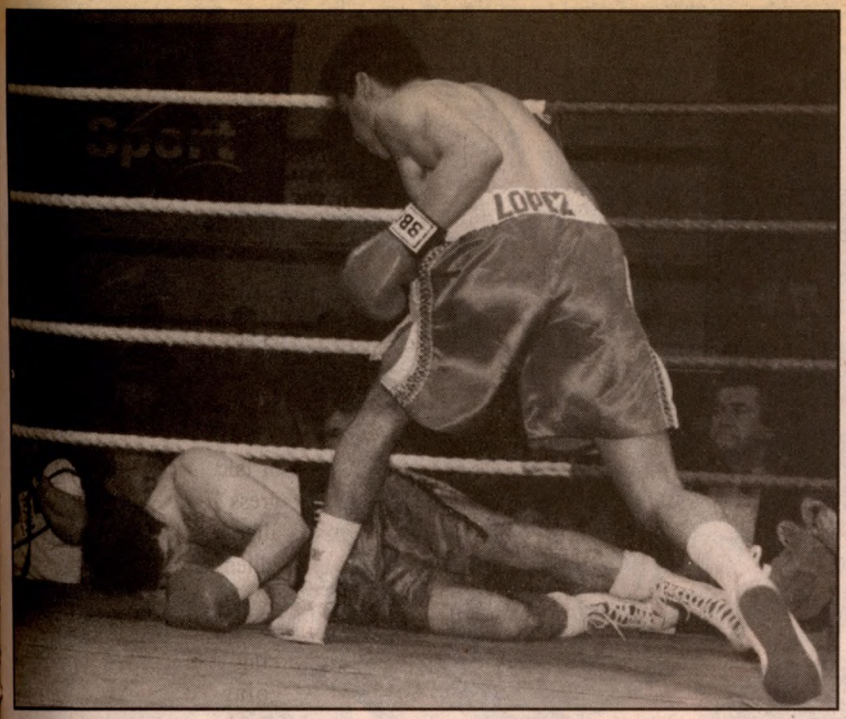
What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: Take full advantage of the opportunity his new promotional team will create.

Danger Zone: Too many easy fights.



Guthrie is a strong light heavyweight, as was proven in his grueling decision victory over fringe contender Tim Hillie last January.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport



Lopez broke through by dropping the respected Eamonn Loughran three times in 51 seconds. More recently, the Mexican hammered top-10 contender Yori Boy Campas.

Danny Romero
IBF Junior Bantamweight Champion
29-1 (26)

Where He's Been: Held IBF flyweight belt for six months in 1995, relinquishing title because of weight-making difficulties. Won his second world championship with a sensational second-round kayo of Harold Grey in August '96, reestablishing himself, following upset loss to journeyman Willy Salazar and eye surgery, as one of the game's most exhilarating young fighters.

Where He's Going: Combination of charisma, good looks, and knockout punch makes him a potential superstar of De La Hoya proportions. His recent 12th-round kayo of Polo Saucedo was televised by ESPN, bringing him back to a national TV audience. Look for promoter Cedric Kushner to keep Romero busy throughout '97.

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: A victory over hometown rival Johnny Tapia would be ideal. But if that dream match doesn't materialize, a move up to bantam to challenge Kushner-promoted IBF champ Mbulelo Botile appears likely.

Danger Zone: The overconfidence that cost him so dearly against Salazar.

Robin Reid
WBC Super Middleweight Champion
22-0-1 (17)

Where He's Been: Represented his native England in the 1988 Olympics; came home with the bronze, losing to eventual gold medalist Park Si Hun, the Korean who got a gift decision over Roy Jones. Because of his lack of experience at a world-class level, it was considered an upset when Reid traveled to Italy in October and knocked out Vincenzo Nardiello to win the WBC title.

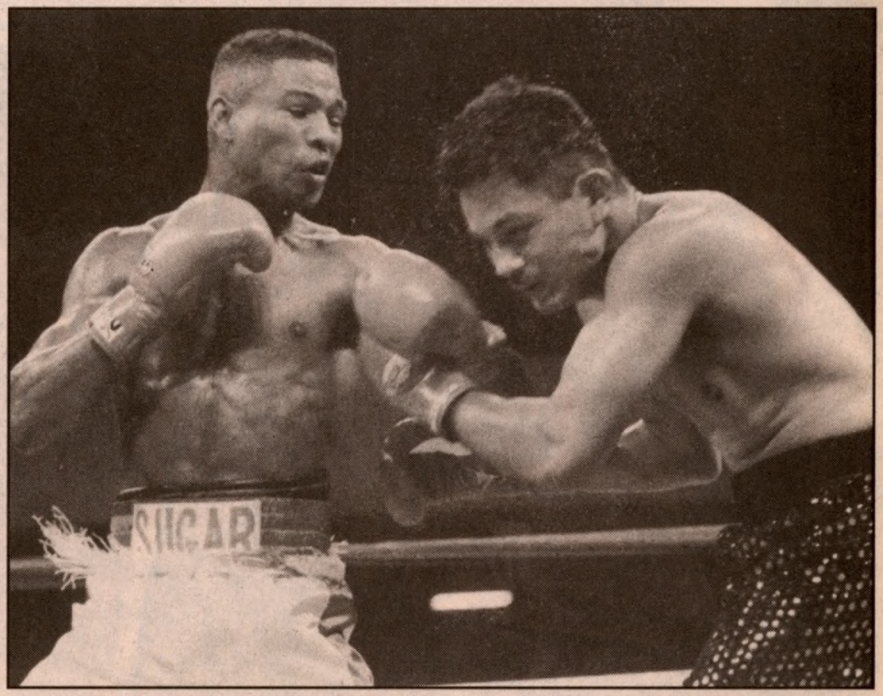
"Beating Nardiello was a bit of a surprise," said Claude Abrams, editor of the British weekly, *Boxing News*. "But Reid is a decent puncher and has a lot of self-confidence. He said he was going to make people [who picked Nardiello to beat him] eat their words, and he did exactly that."

Where He's Going: There will be a mandatory defense against former WBC 168-pound champion Sugarboy Malinga sometime in '97, but Reid's promoter, Frank Warren, has arranged for a voluntary defense first. A match with Henry Wharton, the WBC's number-one contender, is also in his future, especially now that Wharton's manager, Mickey Duff, is threatening to sue if his man is not given a shot within the next six months.

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: A fight with tough Irishman Steve Collins would really put the handsome, hard-hitting Brit in the spotlight, but it looks like Vinny Pazienza is lined up for that spot.

Danger Zone: Too much, too soon.

(Continued on page 60)



Mosley, shown smacking Louis Ramirez, is the lightweight division's best-kept secret. He's now associated with promoter Cedric Kushner, and that should result in higher-profile fights.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

WORKING A PAIR OF BULLS IN SPAIN

By

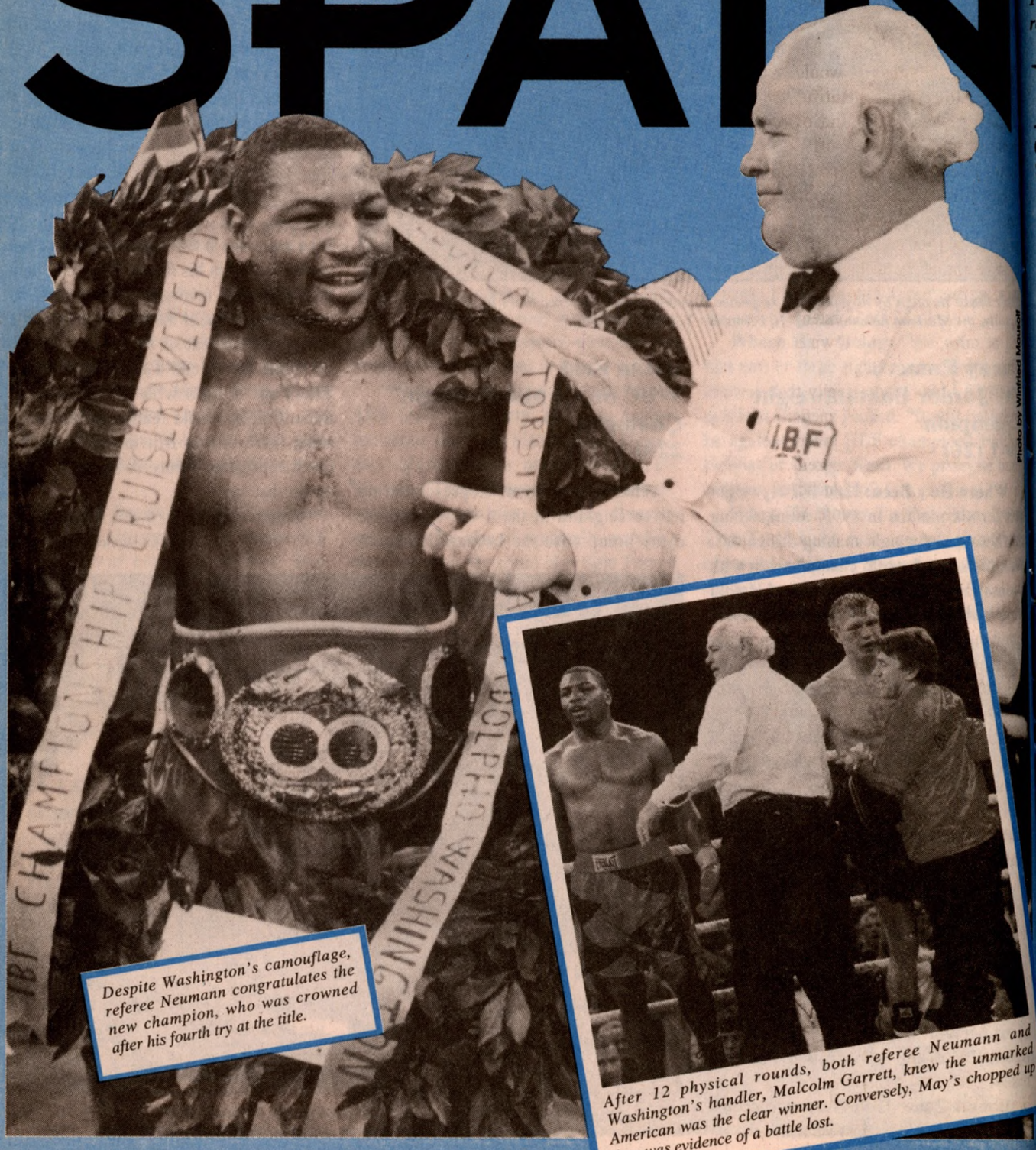


Photo by Winfried Mausolf

Despite Washington's camouflage, referee Neumann congratulates the new champion, who was crowned after his fourth try at the title.

After 12 physical rounds, both referee Neumann and Washington's handler, Malcolm Garrett, knew the unmarked American was the clear winner. Conversely, May's chopped up face was evidence of a battle lost.

By Randy Neumann

[Editor's note: Randy Neumann, a former world-rated heavyweight, is among the most respected referees in the fight game today. He works as a certified financial planner in New Jersey, and, exclusively for THE RING, shares his experiences from a recent assignment.]

Ernest Hemingway would have been jealous. On a beautiful summer's night on the island of Mallorca (pronounced My Yorka), off the coast of Spain, I refereed a superb IBF cruiserweight title fight inside a bull ring. Al "Ice" Cole had vacated to go after bigger fish and bigger bucks in the heavyweight division, and Kentucky's Adolpho Washington and Germany's Torsten May had been matched to crown a new champion.

A lot of people, especially those in the press, love to knock the sanctioning organizations. These people, however, are too young—or too dumb—to remember the days when fighters often "died on the vine." In the '50s and before, if your manager didn't have the right connections, you didn't get a title shot, regardless of your skills. (This was especially true if you were black.) Does anyone remember how long Sonny Liston, the number-one heavyweight contender, waited for a title fight while champion Floyd Patterson was fighting amateurs (Pete Rademacher) and pretenders (Roy Harris)? It was three long years. And it would have been longer had Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato, had the say. The sanctioning organizations force champions to fight ranked contenders, or the titlists lose their belts. Washington and May, ranked first and second by the IBF, were almost universally listed in the top 10 of everybody's ratings.

The IBF chooses its world championship referees from a pool and rotates them based on time between assignments. Most of my work involves the bigger fighters. Most referees are small and, as a result, are petrified of heavyweights. I'm bigger than most of the heavyweights I

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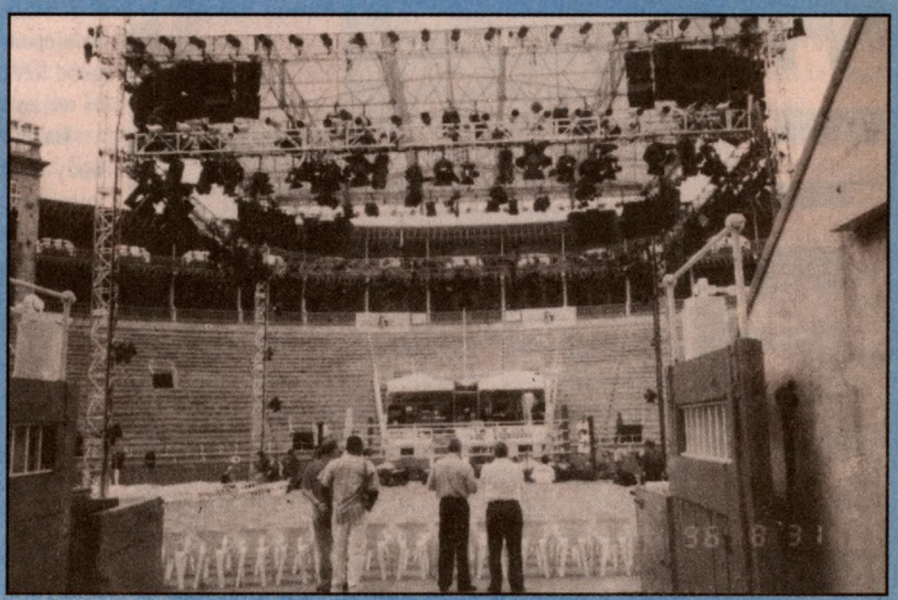


Neumann's hotel in Mallorca (above) was a lot smaller, and far more charming, than the monstrosities on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City and the Strip in Las Vegas. The fight site was the Plaza de Toros de Palma (below). Inside, promoters turned the bull ring into a boxing venue (bottom).

BATTLE of the LEGENDS

Welterweights

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle of the Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, write to us.

Emile Griffith

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
Career: 1958-1977
85-24-2 with 23 kayos (1 no-contest)

Among the most accomplished fighters of his era, Griffith was a five-time world champion and a titleholder at both welterweight and middleweight. Beautifully built and superbly conditioned, he combined speed and skills to outbox his opposition.

Griffith first won the welterweight title by stopping Benny Paret in 1961. He subsequently twice lost the title, but regained it both times. After rising to middleweight—he usually fought at about 152 pounds—he dethroned Dick Tiger in 1966. He then lost the title to Nino Benvenuti, regained it, and lost it again.

Griffith fought until age 39, but failed in attempts to regain both the welter and middleweight crowns. After retiring, he became a world-class trainer, working with such champions as Bonecrusher Smith, Simon Brown, and Juan LaPorte.

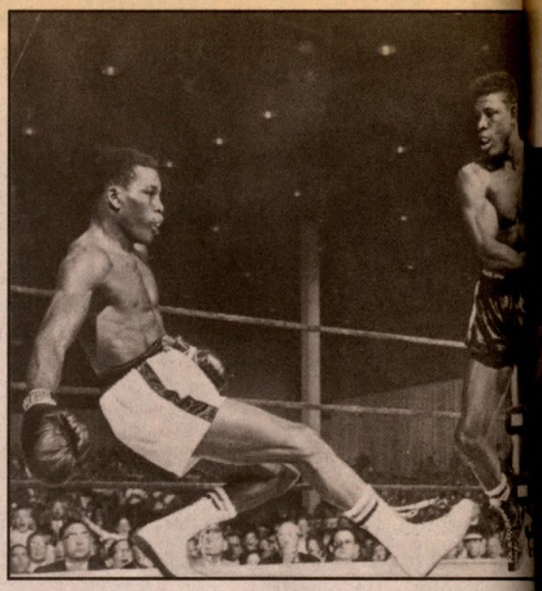
Carmen Basilio

Canastota, New York
Career: 1948-1961
56-16-7 with 27 kayos

There are few master boxers, savage punchers, and fighters like Basilio, whom Angelo Dundee described as "the toughest fighter I ever met." The 5'6½" brawler emerged from the onion fields of Canastota to capture world titles at two weights. He did so with his fists, but also with his heart.

Basilio is best known for taking the middleweight title from Sugar Ray Robinson. Most of his career, however, was spent at welterweight. In June 1953, he won the New York world title by outpointing Billy Graham. Two years later, he became world champion with a 12th-round stoppage of Tony DeMarco.

In 1956, Basilio lost the crown to Johnny Saxton, regained it, and then moved up to upset Robinson. He lost the rematch, and failed in three subsequent tries at the 160-pound crown.



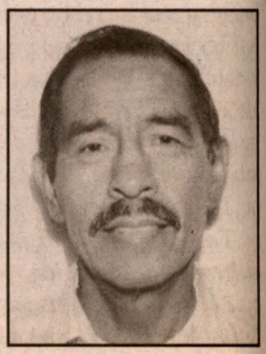
Griffith wins the welterweight title by knocking out Benny Paret in the 13th round of their rumble in Miami Beach in 1961. After losing the title and regaining it, Griffith moved up to middleweight and was crowned there as well.

GASPAR ORTEGA

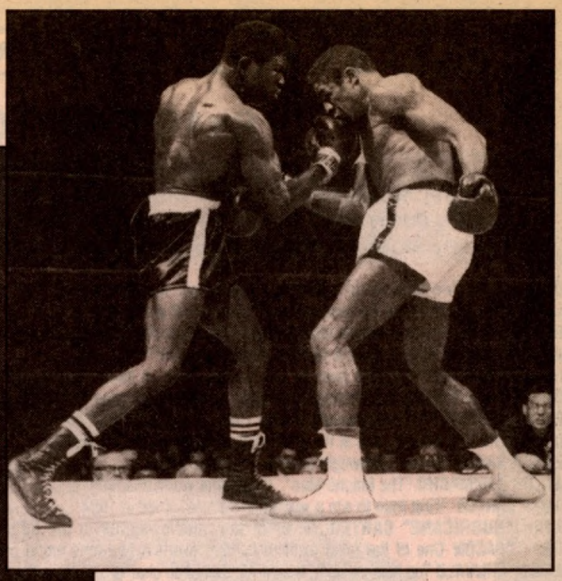
In their primes, this would be a most wonderful fight. Griffith had a lot of talent. He could fight outside or inside, and he knew when to do which. What I remember about him was that in 185 pro fights, I never had a black-and-blue mark except the two times I fought him. He wasn't a knockout puncher, but a punishing one. He threw short punches and wore you down little by little. He also had a great defense.

Basilio had no class. He was just a bull with no moves and no defense. You'd connect with almost everything. I remember thinking that, in the next round, I'd do this or I'd do that. And I'd do it, landing my punches, but instead of backing up, he'd just keep coming. Nobody ever moved him, not even Sugar Ray Robinson. He was strictly an inside fighter. He had a good left hook, but by the time I fought him, his punches weren't that hard anymore.

Basilio would have to cut off the ring, punch to the body in the early rounds to slow Griffith down, then later move to the head. Griffith would box from the outside all the way. He'd connect with nice uppercuts and probably cut Basilio. Both were always in great shape. Griffith by unanimous decision.



Gaspar Ortega is a former welterweight contender. He lost twice to Griffith, in 1960 and in a 1961 world title fight, and was outpointed by Basilio in 1961.



At welterweight, Griffith (left) is perhaps best known for his four-fight series with classy Cuban Luis Rodriguez. The five-time champ won three of their four battles.

Basilio was always on the attack, as Johnny Saxton found out during their 1957 title fight, Basilio's last as a welterweight. The onion farmer won by second-round kayo.

TONY DeMARCO

Griffith was a spectacular fighter, one of the better champions. He wasn't Sugar Ray Robinson, but who was? He was classy, and he could do a bit of everything; he could punch, box, and work inside. And he had a great chin.

I knew Basilio, of course, better than any of them. He was well-conditioned, but more than that, he had amazing endurance. He just never seemed to get tired. Some of that is natural, and some came from conditioning. That endurance, his heart, and absorbing punishment were his best assets. I thought I was as good a puncher and as good a fighter as Basilio, but the difference was that endurance. He wasn't exactly easy to hit because he knew how to get low. And he had a great chin. I'm still wondering why he didn't go down in the seventh round of our second fight. That left hook I landed was my best punch.

This would be a life-and-death fight. Basilio would come in, bobbing and weaving, countering with left hooks and overhand rights. Griffith would use a more scientific approach. He'd throw a lot of jabs and crosses, move side to side, and never stay too long on the inside. This is a tough one, but I'll go with Basilio by split decision.

Tony DeMarco, a former world welterweight champion, engaged in a pair of 1955 title fights against Basilio, losing both by 12th-round kayo.

DR. FERDIE PACHECO

Griffith: durability, determination, a strong chin, constant motion, a good jab. I wouldn't say he was a superb boxer, but he was a very good one. And he had the ability to stay focused throughout a fight. A lot of his fights, like three of the four with Luis Rodriguez, you'd watch, and when they were over, you'd say, "Who won?" He didn't do anything spectacularly, but he kept winning.

Basilio was one of the toughest little guys ever. His determination to win was greater than just about anybody's. What was disguised by his crude style were those subtle uppercuts in close. He landed them to the head and body and wore people out.

Griffith had an enormous upper body, huge shoulders. The Hurricane Carter fight [in which Griffith was kayoed in the first round] was a freak; I don't know how anybody ever hurt him. Basilio would go right at him, but Griffith's legs were such that he never got caught where he didn't want to be. Over 15 rounds, I don't think Basilio's facial tissue would hold up. Griffith had the ability to capture rounds by narrow margins. Griffith by very close, if not split, decision.

Dr. Ferdie Pacheco worked the corner of Luis Rodriguez, who fought Griffith four times. Pacheco is now a boxing analyst for Showtime. ■

AUTOGRAPHS - BOXING LEGENDS

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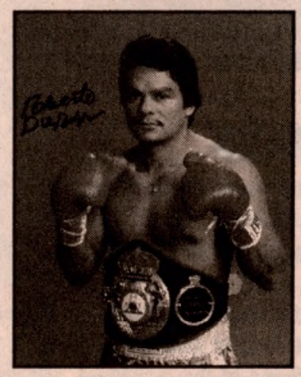
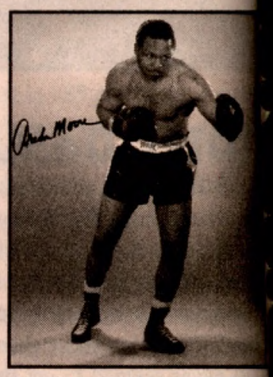
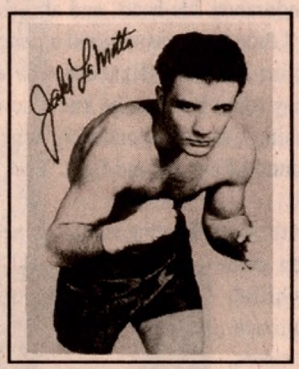
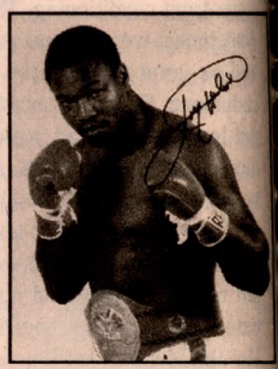
CLEVELAND WILLIAMS Hard-hitting heavy. Fought Liston & Ali .....
IKE WILLIAMS Lightweight champ 1947-51. "Ring" fighter of the year 1948**...
ALFONZO ZAMORA Bantamweight champ 1975-77. Won first 29 bouts by KO..









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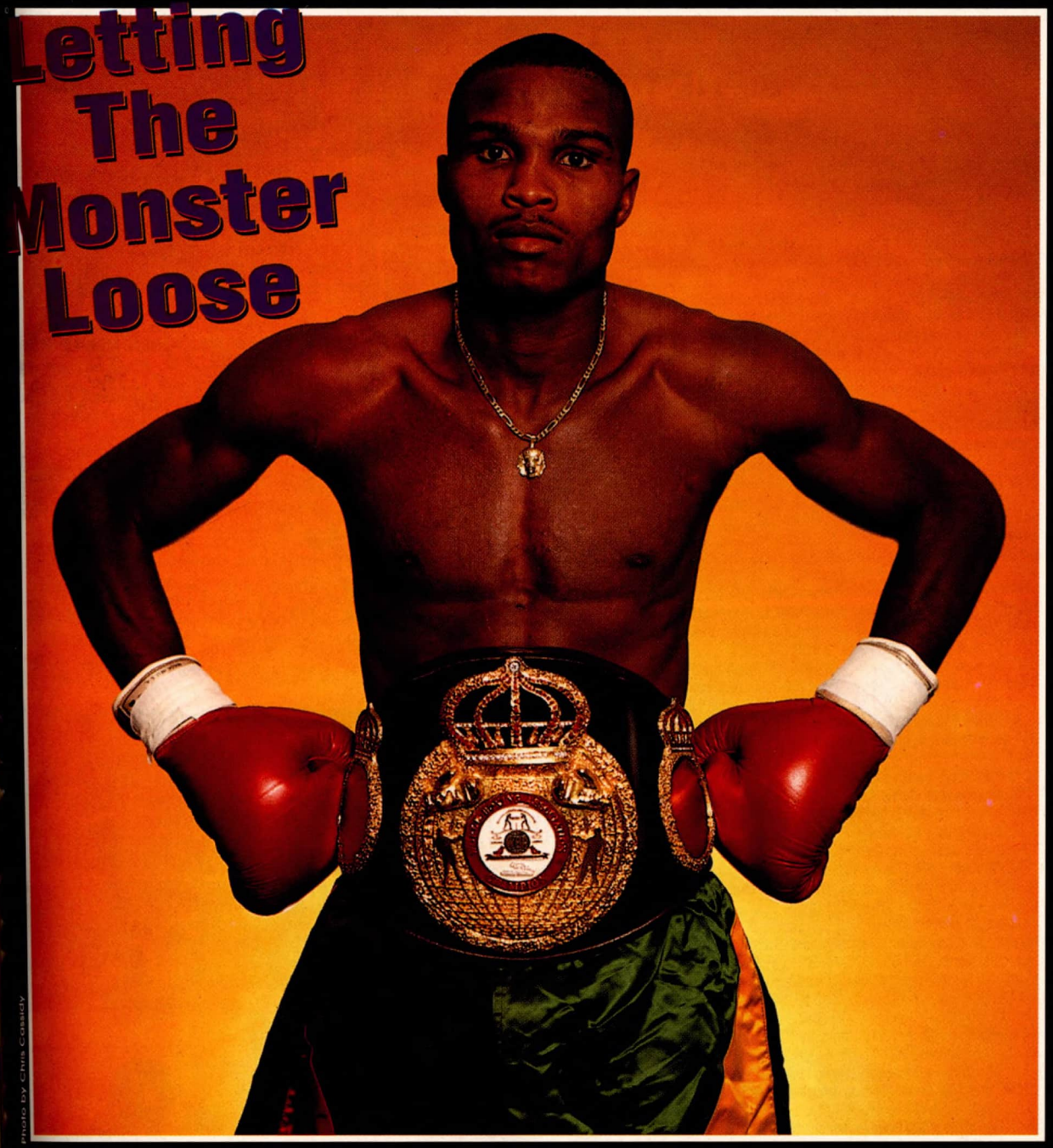


Photo by Chris Cassidy

IKE QUARTEY

The Most Frightening Welter In The World

By Michael Katz

Now comes the marketing. The product may be high-quality, but it's imported, and how long did it take Volvo to get accepted on these shores? A fighter from Accra, wherever that is, represents an even tougher sale, especially when he insists upon returning there after each bout. So there was Ike Quartey, five days after his last bout—which he knew hadn't been one of his finer performances—relishing his climb to the 15th-story corporate headquarters

where Time Warner's minions were plotting the acceptance of the welterweight from Ghana—which you knew all along was Accra's home.

The fighter could look down on 42nd Street and become homesick. There were no vendors selling his favorite dish, *kenkey*, which, as you know, is corn-dipped fried fishballs with very hot peppers. But Quartey doesn't sell like hotcakes. Yet.

Yes, he's risen already from the sea-level squalor of the Bukom section of Ghana's capital city by virtue of some of the shortest punches seen in years, punches shorter than Mike Tyson's attention span or Rock Newman's temper. The problem is that the punches haven't been seen by enough customers willing to plunk down hard-earned money for pay-per-view fights.

WBA champion though he may be, Quartey remains one of the best-kept secrets in boxing. But high above 42nd Street, he was suddenly, after 39 pro fights, an overnight success, and being clumped with a virtual who's-who of the who's best: Roy Jones, Pernell Whitaker, Oscar De La Hoya, Marco Antonio Barrera—all HBO fighters, HBO was quick to point out—and Felix Trinidad, who, of course, would be welcome to come over from Don King's Showtime side of the street and make Quartey very famous.

"He's of that talent level," said Lou DiBella, a Time Warner vice president, when HBO proudly announced it had signed Quartey through the current millenium. "He's not as well-known. That's our job."

Quartey indicated he'd make the job easy by cooperating. When DiBella asked his new conscript who he wanted to fight, Quartey said, "Whoever you can get me."

Ah, there's the rub. Ask Roy Jones. There was a point when it looked like only Quartey, 20 pounds lighter, was willing to face the amazing Mr. Jones. No one in his conservative mind would risk his tiger against him.

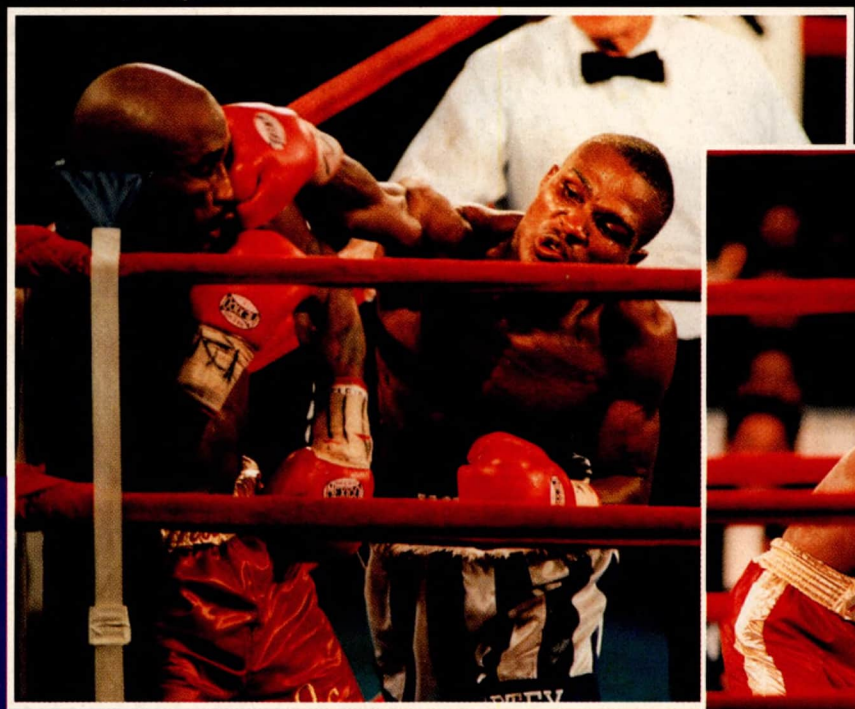
"It is a sure sign you have something special when no one wants to fight you," said Dino Duva, the latest in the long line of promoters and managers associated with Quartey. "It's going to be a project to get guys to fight Ike."

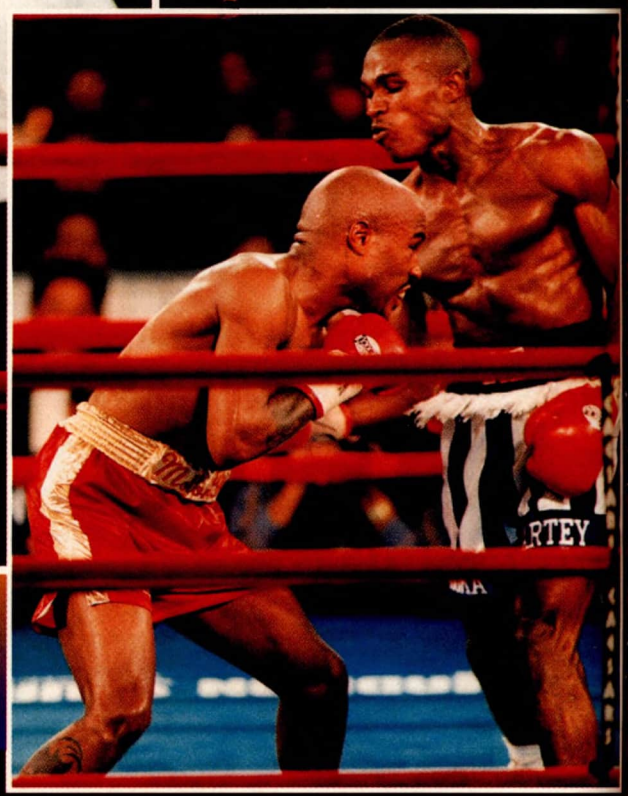
"We must have a big fight," said Seth Asah, Quartey's manager and promoter from Ghana.

Asah suggested that if none of the welterweights would meet his fighter, Quartey would go up to 154 pounds and beat up Terry Norris, which is unlikely since Norris' promoter, King, is not about to build up his rival's product.

Unlike Jones, though, Quartey at least knows there's competition out there. Somewhere. Duva has a couple of prospects himself. Number one, of course, is Whitaker, the 147-pound division's longtime leader. "Pernell Whitaker is afraid of no one," said the promoter. But Whitaker, he said, wanted and deserved the "biggest" fight possible, and at the moment, that wasn't Quartey. In the peck-

Photos by Marty Rosengarten





Quartey's attack included booming right hands (left) and debilitating bodyshots (below). His edge in strength was something Carr could not overcome.

ing order of "big" matchups for Whitaker, first would be the Golden Man, De La Hoya, and then the better-known Trinidad. Whitaker said all these kids were "vulnerable" to his ring wiles, but he singled out Quartey: "In a year or two, Quartey could beat me."

It's hard to imagine higher praise, even if Quartey thinks Whitaker is a year or two off. After watching Whitaker struggle to beat Wilfredo Rivera in St. Maarten last April, DiBella asked Quartey how he'd do against "Sweet Pea."

"See that ocean?" said Quartey, pointing to the Caribbean. "He'd be in it."

He is not shy about his talent. If Mike Tyson were his size? "I'd knock him out. I punch too strong."

He said the same thing about Jones, though he cited the super middleweight as the number-one fighter in the world. And who's number two?

"Ike Quartey," said the African.

Al Certo puts Quartey number one. Buddy McGirt's old manager began praising Quartey to anyone who'd listen back in 1992, referring to the African as a "monster." Fighting on a McGirt undercard in Italy, Quartey scored a first-round knockout that duly impressed Certo. HBO suggested Quartey next for McGirt, and that's when Certo told the HBO suits, "You fight that bleepin' monster yourself. I'm not."

Duva now has ties to another, and more likely, Quartey opponent. His name is Jose Luis Lopez, and he's been a bigger secret than Quartey. Lopez first gained attention with a 51-second knockout of Ireland's Eamonn Loughran, made more shocking by his ability to score three knockdowns in such a short time. But he really surfaced when, two days after Quartey's 12-round decision over Oba Carr in New York *(see fight report on page 48)*, the 23-year-old Mexican obliterated the capable Yori Boy Campas in just five rounds. That was seen on the Spanish-language Univision, and Duva and a delighted DiBella were plotting to extend Lopez' TV realm by featuring him on an upcoming HBO *Boxing After Dark* program, then matching him with Quartey in a 1997 version of Hagler-Hearns.

At a rangy 5'10", Lopez would play Hearns to Quartey's muscular Hagler. The African is 5'8", but grows taller behind a fierce jab. He may well be boxing's best puncher, pound-for-pound. Such wise old hands as Gil Clancy and Bobby Goodman think Quartey's power is not in the one-punch kayo class, but rather accumulative. Either way, he hurts. After one round, Carr's face was reddened by the jabs.

Quartey also has what HBO announcer Jim Lampley called "arrogance—he doesn't believe anyone can hurt him in the ring." To which Clancy, working the microphone for the Carr fight, replied, "I've never seen a better chin in my life."

Whitaker is not the only one who thinks Quartey, 27, is still a year or two away from knowing how to deal with a clever boxer. But Quartey has improved rapidly in recent years. It took him until the seventh round to knock out weak-chinned Kelcie Banks in his first American ring appearance, back in 1991. He disappeared back across the Atlantic, doing most of his fighting for the Acaries brothers in France. In 1994, when he won the WBA title by knocking out Crisanto Espana, the Venezuelan who had crushed Meldrick Taylor to win it, Quartey commanded respect, sight unseen. The Acaries brothers, allies of the Duvas, brought him here again in 1995, putting him on a Whitaker

(Continued on page 57)

Photos by Al Bello/Allsport

Carr landed his share of blows, especially in the later rounds (above). But ultimately, his battered, swollen face told the story of the fight (below).

Photos by Al Bello/Allsport

HOLYFIELD OF DREAMS

... And Grim Reality For Iron Mike

Referee Mitch Halpern ends Holyfield-Tyson in the 11th round. "I saw a hurt fighter," he said of Tyson, "and any more punishment would have been unjust."

By Steve Farhood

Finally, it was getting near fight time for "Finally," and in his dressing room at the MGM Grand, every eye was on Evander Holyfield. There were about a dozen people present, including a pair of inspectors from the Nevada commission. Mike Tyson once prepared for a fight by punching a hole in a wall. It's a bit different with Holyfield. His hands taped and his body glistening with sweat, he waited for the call. Then, on the CD player, came the gospel song "Be Magnified." It was one of his favorites, and Holyfield began singing. Within seconds, all had joined in, inspectors included.

"It was so inspirational, it was like somebody had written it in a storybook," said Tommy Brooks, Holyfield's co-trainer. "Some of the guys knew the words, but after a little while, *everyone* was singing. I knew he was gonna win before, but there's always a doubt in every trainer's mind. You know, 'Holy's' been known to forget the fight plan. But there was no doubt after that moment. Evander was rejoicing because he had waited so long."

It was at that point that Team Holyfield knew, *for sure*, what "The Real Deal" had known all along.

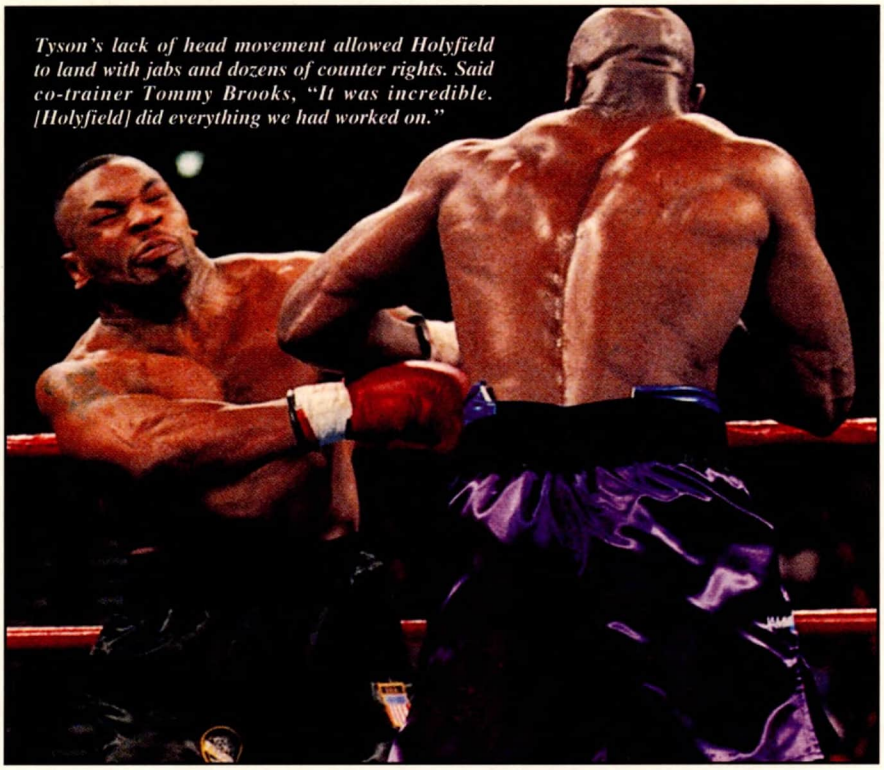
Before making his ring walk, Holyfield hit the hand pads for a couple of minutes, making them pop like never before. By the time he got to the ring, he was still smiling. He couldn't help it. "It was confidence," said Brooks, "and it was happiness."

About an hour later, the new heavyweight champion and his crew returned to the dressing room. According to Brooks, he and co-trainer Don Turner were "weeping like babies." But Holyfield was remarkably calm. Just another walk in the park. As they reentered the room, Brooks noticed the CD player had never been turned off. Gospel music filled the air.

***

Was Evander Holyfield living in a Bible or a bubble? Everyone was sure he was going to lose to WBA heavyweight champion Mike Tyson, probably by knockout, and possibly in a manner that would jeopardize his health. And everyone was saying it out loud, too. Even Tyson, usually not one to badmouth his opponents, seemed swept up in the frenzy. "He's not in my league," the champion said of a rival he had always respected.

But Holyfield seemed oblivious to the prevailing sentiment. The fight was first announced at the Tyson-Seldon postfight press conference, and Holyfield said, "I'm a winner, and I'll be heavyweight champi-



Tyson's lack of head movement allowed Holyfield to land with jabs and dozens of counter rights. Said co-trainer Tommy Brooks, "It was incredible. [Holyfield] did everything we had worked on."

on again." He was seated a few feet away from the most feared fighter on the planet, but judging by his tone, he might as well have been challenging Peter McNeeley.

At the start of training camp, Holyfield, initially an 18-1 underdog (at fight time, the odds had dropped to 6-1), struggled against sparring partner Gary Bell *(see sidebar).* But by the time he arrived in Las Vegas, he was physically and mentally sharp. "He was driven," said Turner. "I saw a confidence, a certainty. I had never seen him like that before. Then, as we were getting ready to go into the ring, I saw the look on his face. He was *happy* to go out there."

As Tyson paced during the National Anthem and introductions, Holyfield stood near-motionless in his corner, surrounded by his handlers. A split-second before the bell, he assumed an exaggerated boxing stance, as if posing for a photographer. He was prepared for a rush by Tyson, and anything else the champion might try. Credit divine intervention if you choose, but Holyfield was in a zone.

"It was incredible," said Brooks. "He did *everything* we had worked on: rolling with Tyson's right, countering with his own right, pushing Tyson off him, backing Tyson up, spinning him—everything."

The first round was fairly even, with the 30-year-old Tyson, a career-high 222, Southington, Ohio, landing the first blo a right off his jab. The punch mov Holyfield, 215, Atlanta, Georgia, b unlike Frank Bruno and Bruce Seldon, punched back, and Tyson wasn't used that. Tyson scored with at least two oth big rights in the round. Holyfield, howe er, made sure to put his punches togeth Both fired after the bell, establishing a intensity that was maintained for all bu brief portions of the bout.

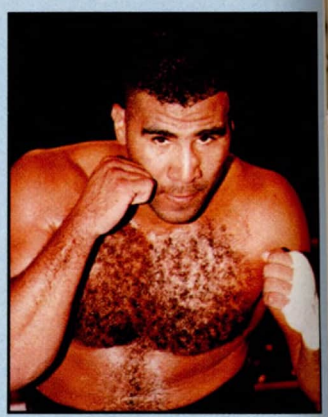
"All you gotta do is stay calm and it' you," Turner told the challenger during the rest period. "You see everything."

Among the things Holyfield saw was that Tyson was standing far too square. Such a stance adversely affected his bal ance and made it all but impossible for him to throw jabs, or any effective punches for that matter. Technically, this was among the fight's keys. Armed with a 6½-inch reach advantage, Holyfield, 34, allowed Tyson to lead, which he usually did by dip ping to his left and rising with a hook

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM HIS FRIENDS

When he first began sparring in preparation for his challenge of Mike Tyson, Evander Holyfield worked primarily with undefeated (11-0) heavyweight Gary Bell. During their lively sessions at Bill Benton's House of Pain in Houston, the 25-year-old New Yorker was instructed to rush at Holyfield at the start of every round and unleash wicked power shots. Not only did "The Real Deal" fail to return fire, but he boxed so poorly, he later thanked his handlers for sticking by him.

"The boxing was great; we had wars," recalled Bell. "I'd just run across the ring. He didn't have time to get his hands up. I just figured he wasn't in boxing shape yet."



Bell: Supplying good, hard work

"It was discouraging to know you're fighting Mike Tyson and you can't get past your sparring partner," said Holyfield. "Gary Bell put a whipping on me a lotta days."

Slowly, the sparring sessions, which totaled about 50 rounds, began to change. Holyfield began sidestepping Bell, rolling with his mate's right hands, countering, tying him up, punching from different angles. When it was time to spar with rising contender David Tua, Holyfield was sharp.

"About 2½ weeks into the workout, Evander started getting to Bell," said trainer Don Turner. "By the time Tua got there, Holyfield had already established he was the king of the gym. Tua took beating after beating after beating."

Asked how he might have prepared Tyson for the fight, Turner said, "First of all, I would've gotten sparring partners who could stand up. Since Oliver McCall stopped sparring with him, he hasn't had that. He wasn't prepared to do anything but fight that one fight of his."

–SF

While Holyfield dominated, Tyson remained a threat, especially until round six. "Iron Mike" landed plenty of big shots, but "The Real Deal" ignored the pain and always made sure to answer with punches of his own.

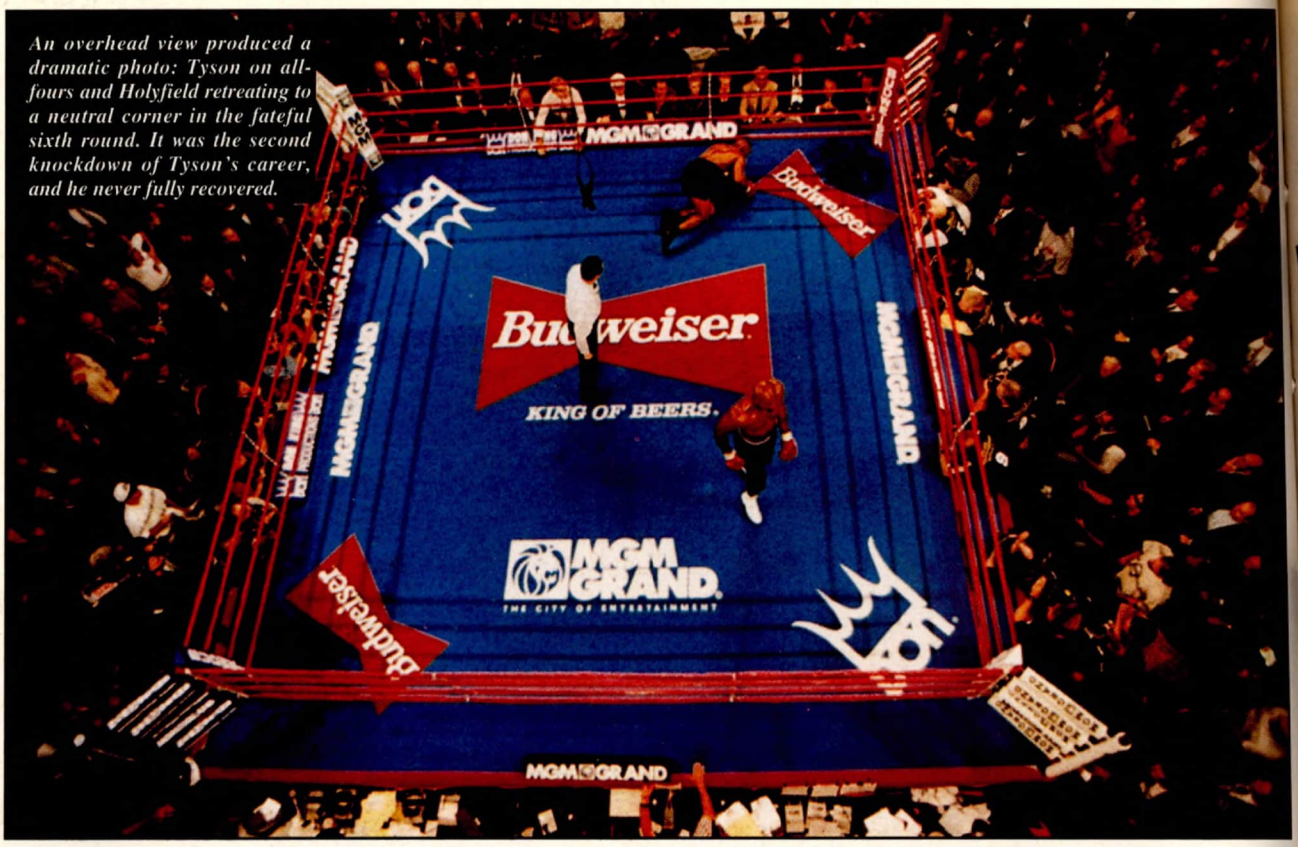
Holyfield saw the punches coming and coolly countered his opponent's wide shots with sharp, crisp, *straight* rights. "When you fight somebody as good as Mike Tyson," explained Holyfield, "it makes you a little bit more alert."

Offering minimal upper body and head movement, Tyson was vulnerable in the second round. At one point, a cross-hook combination drove him into the ropes. The heavyweights began clinching often, and a pattern emerged: Tyson would lead, Holyfield would counter, and they'd both fall into a clinch. In the Holyfield-controlled third, referee Mitch Halpern (USA), who was outstanding throughout, brought the champion and challenger together. "When I say break, you step back, you understand?" he said. "I'm not messing around in here. C'mon."

The fourth was the first round Tyson won on at least two of the cards. And with Holyfield decelerating, the champion continued his mini-rally in the fifth. Moving forward, he was once again punching with the baddest of intentions. Was Holyfield pooping out, as he had done in his third fight with Riddick Bowe? Before that question could be answered, Tyson connected flush with the most devastating combination in his arsenal, and arguably the most devastating in boxing. He drove a right to Holyfield's body, then turned it into a full-leverage uppercut. Holyfield bounced backward, reset, slipped a followup right, and clinched. If Holyfield hadn't fallen from that right uppercut, he wasn't going to fall at all. How discouraging was *that* for "Iron Mike?" Now Tyson knew for sure, too, and he didn't win another round.

While Holyfield controlled the bout throughout, three developments in the sixth, two inside the ring and one outside, guaranteed there'd be no Tyson comeback. Early in the round, an unintentional butt, of which there were many, opened a cut at the corner of Tyson's left eye. Halpern called time and brought "Iron Mike" to Dr. Flip Homansky, who took a brief look and nodded his head as if to say, "It's not so bad." Now the warrior was a worrier, too. Needing to maintain the momentum he had established in the fourth and fifth, Tyson attacked with rage. But again, Holyfield countered with a right, then added a low blow for emphasis. Seconds later, the crowd of more than 16,000 began a chant of "Holy-field! Holy-field!" It was loud and moving and impossible to ignore, a spine-tingling moment if there ever was one. "That definitely juiced him up," Brooks said. For the first time, the crowd knew, too, which meant *everyone* knew.

Thirty seconds later, Holyfield countered a hook with a left hook/uppercut, driving an off-balance Tyson to the floor. It was the second knockdown of Tyson's career, and the first time he got up.



An overhead view produced a dramatic photo: Tyson on all-fours and Holyfield retreating to a neutral corner in the fateful sixth round. It was the second knockdown of Tyson's career, and he never fully recovered.

Standing at the count of five, he clinched, then grabbed again. Still, there was some fight left in him. The exchange just before the bell, with Holyfield initiating and Tyson answering, was among the most furious of the fight.

"I don't even remember going down," Tyson said afterward. "I don't remember from the third round on. In the third or fourth round, he hit me and I blacked out. I didn't know where I was at. I didn't know anything."

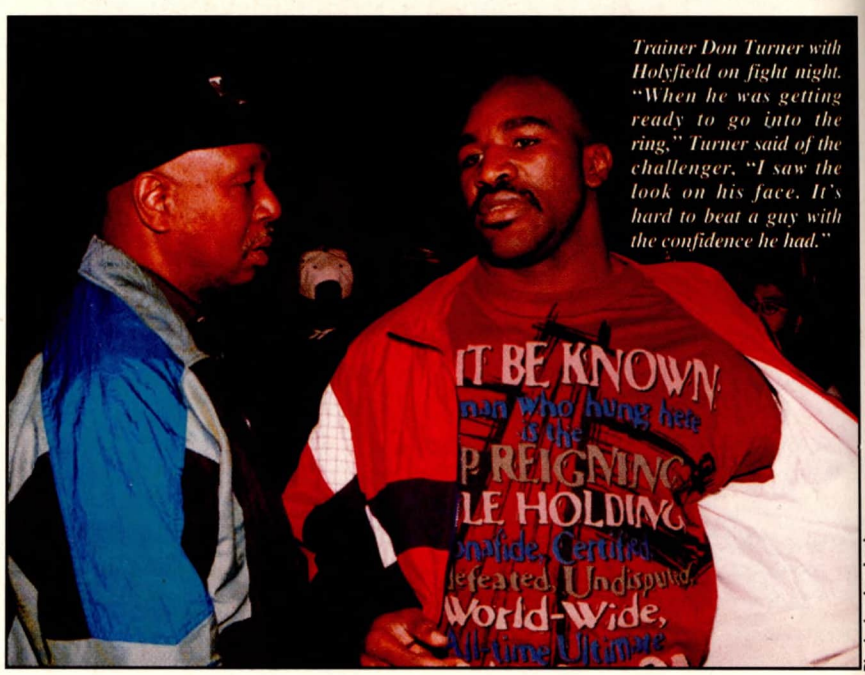
That was apparent for the remainder of the bout, which lasted five more rounds only because of Tyson's chin, and the fact that he was determined to take his beating like a champion. The seventh, a slower round, brought more misery for Tyson. At one point, Holyfield, 33-3 (24), walked to him and, smiling, said, "C'mon!" Later in the round, Tyson, 45-2 (39), leaned in, bringing another clash of heads. The force of the collision almost dropped him, and Halpern summoned Homansky for a look. The referee then warned the challenger, "Watch the head," though at least this time, Holyfield had been guilty of nothing.

"He head-butted me, but I probably did the same, too," Tyson pointed out.

In the eighth, ninth, and 10th, Tyson looked a very ordinary fighter. Drained of his ferocity, he stood straight up, void of head movement, and stepped aimlessly. Between rounds, his corner didn't respond to the moment either. Assistant Stacey McKinley began talking at least as much as head trainer Jay Bright, and at times, Tyson was hearing three sets of instructions at once. Given his condition, one soothing voice would have been appropriate.

The eighth was uneventful, with lots of clinching. In the ninth, Holyfield was dominant again, capitalizing on Tyson's lunges by continuing to counter with rights. With 20 seconds remaining in the 10th, Tyson's resistance gave out. Holyfield caught him with a right, then a second right that drove the champion across the ring. Ten furious blows followed, and had the bell not sounded, Halpern would have had no

(Continued on page 64)



Trainer Don Turner with Holyfield on fight night. "When he was getting ready to go into the ring," Turner said of the challenger, "I saw the look on his face. It's hard to beat a guy with the confidence he had."

Photo by Jay Lash

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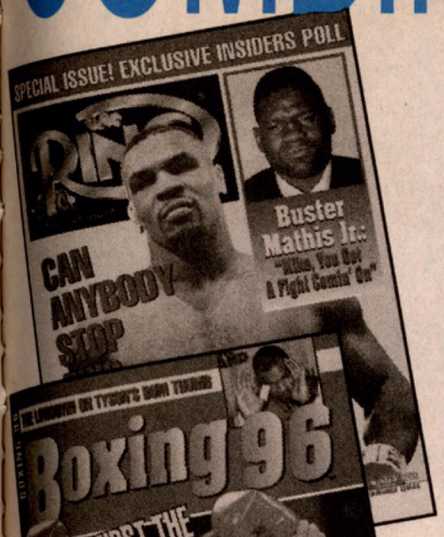

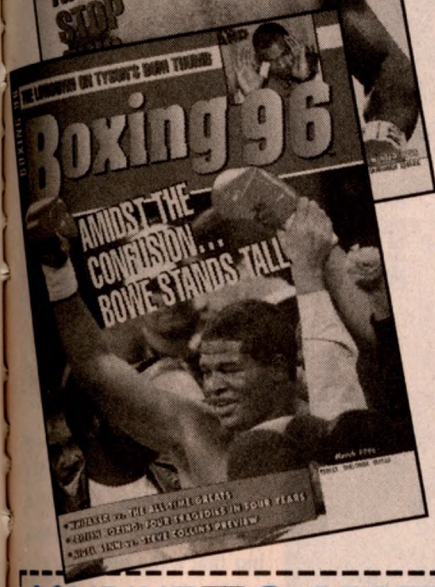

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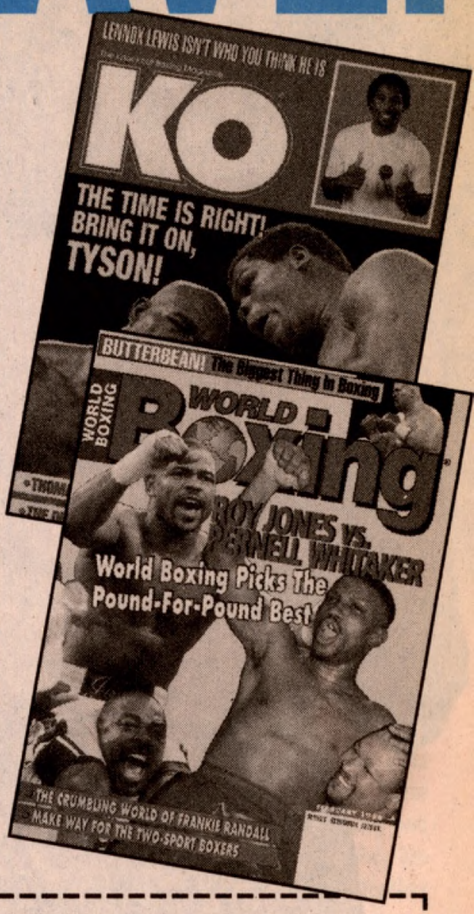

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Photo By Jay Lash

JOEY

The Fighter Who Said No To The Mob

Giambra never got a title shot, but had a solid career. Today, the former fighter (right) hasn't forgotten his past.

By Pete Ehrmann

The last thing people go to Las Vegas for is to visit a bookstore, but that's the first thing a lot of them do as soon as they step into Checker Cab #2724. It's unusual not only because it's Sin City's only bookstore-on-wheels, but also because the entire inventory consists of the same book, authored by William Joseph Giambra, proprietor and hack.

"I've sold 37,000 copies," says Joey Giambra, referring to *The Uncrowned Champion*, which chronicles his career as a top middleweight contender in the 1950s and '60s, including the successful efforts of the underworld forces who controlled boxing then to deny him a title shot, and their attempt to kill him when he didn't follow their script in the ring.

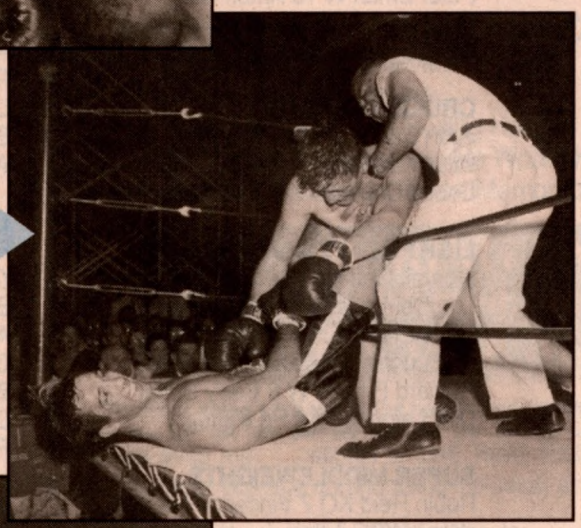
"The powers-that-be at the time kept [the title] away from me because I didn't play ball. That's why I believe 'uncrowned champion' fits me," says the 65-year-old Giambra, who lost only 10 of 86 pro fights (with two draws) in a career lasting from 1949 to 1963.

A handsome kid with an Elvis-like shock of black hair artfully groomed to hang over his forehead, Giambra was called "The Buffalo Adonis," a nickname first coined for Jimmy Slattery, recognized in 1930 as light heavyweight champion, who also came out of Northern New York. But it isn't likely that Slattery ever had to deal with the

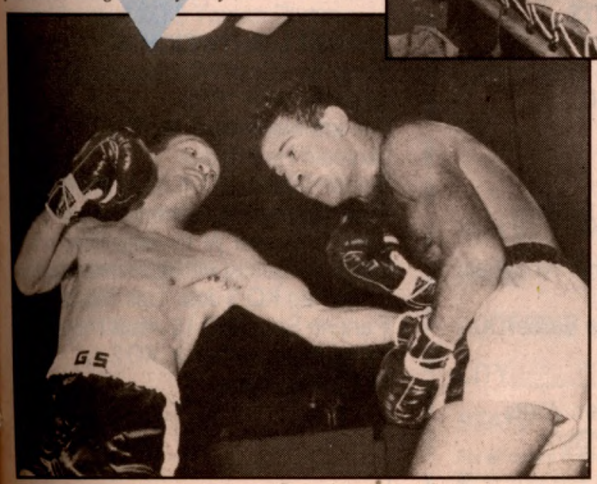
50s MIDDLEWEIGHT

GIAMBRA

Giambra tastes a right from Gil Turner during their rumble in October 1956. Giambra won the bout by 10-round split decision. He went 7-0 over the course of the year.



Much to the dismay of referee Tom Attra, Giambra (on the canvas) and Al Andrews bent the rules during their 10-rounder in April 1959, won by Giambra on points.



Giambra (left) was past his prime when he dropped a 10-round decision to Argentine middleweight champion Farid Salim in 1962. The bout came seven months before Giambra's only world title fight, a 15-round decision loss to junior middleweight Denny Moyer.

kind of female adulation that put his nicknamesake's first main event at Madison Square Garden on the front page of *The New York Times*.

Giambra's opponent, Jimmy Herring, was called "The Golden Boy," and his blond good looks made the December 1953 bout a huge attraction for distaff fight fans.

"There were about 14,000 at the fight, and I'll bet three-fourths of them were women," Giambra recalls.

He knocked Herring out in the fourth round for his 36th victory against only two losses, and on his way back to the dressing room a battalion of swooning ladies corralled him and gave him the kind of going over that Andrew Golota can only dream about.

"I thought they were gonna hurt me because I knocked out The Golden Boy," says Giambra. But it was souvenirs the girls wanted, and by the time Giambra was rescued, they had relieved him of his robe, his boxing trunks, and his leather cup.

A picture of The Buffalo Adonis, wearing just shoes, socks, jockstrap, and a dreamy smile appeared in the next day's *Times*.

However, had the newspaper known about the even smoother dressing-down Giambra got later that night from Frankie Carbo, it would've made an even bigger scoop.

"The underworld's commissioner of boxing," as Carbo was called in Barney Nagler's brilliant 1964 expose, *James Norris And The Decline Of Boxing*, was the convicted murderer and oily mob boss who made and broke boxing champions at that time. He was the shadowy power behind the throne of Norris and the International Boxing Club, whose monopoly on the ring would be broken up by the courts several years later.

It was Carbo who, after congratulating Giambra at a party in a nearby hotel after the Herring fight, told him, "You're gonna be champion." But only, he added, if Giambra dropped his manager and hooked up with him.

(Continued on page 63)

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Evander Holyfield KO 11 Mike Tyson
(Regains WBA Title)
Michael Moorer KO 12 Frans Botha
(Retains IBF Title)
Henry Akinwande KO 10 Alexandr Zolkin
George Foreman W 12
Crawford Grimsley
Tommy Morrison KO 1 Marcus Rhode
Orlin Norris KO 1 Jeff Pegues
Lou Savarese KO 7 Buster Mathis Jr.
Brian Nielsen KO 7 Andrew Maynard
Chris Byrd W 10 Levi Billups
Craig Petersen KO 8 Alex Stewart
Hasim Rahman W 10 Trevor Berbick
Jimmy Thunder KO 4 Quinn Navarre
Lionel Butler KO 1 Salvador Maciel
Shannon Briggs KO 1 Tim Ray
Jeff Wooden KO 6 Melvin Foster
Jade Scott KO 2 Roy Burt
Peter Smith W 10 Anton Nel
Scott Welch W 8 Daniel Netto
Alonzo Highsmith KO 2 Mark Gastineau

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Juan Carlos Gomez KO 11
Brian LaSpada
Bobby Crabtree KO 7 Rick Roufus

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Montell Griffin KO 1 Russell Mitchell
Lou Del Valle W 10 Thomas Reid
Chris Eubank KO 5 Luis Barrera
Eric Lucas W 10 Richard Frazier
Richard Frazier W 8 Berry Butler
Don Lalonde W 8 Ed Dalton

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Robin Reid KO 7 Vincenzo Nardiello
(Wins WBC Title)
Jose Antonio Bayon W 10
Luciano Torres

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
William Joppy KO 6 Ray McElroy
(Retains WBA Title)
Keith Holmes KO 12 Richie Woodhall
(Retains WBC Title)
Paul Vaden W 10 Bernice Barber
Robert McCracken W 12
Fitzgerald Bruney
Andrew Council KO 1 Allen Watts
Oswaldo Bello KO 3 Joe Gatti

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Vincent Pettway KO 3 Harold Bennett
Buddy McGirt W 12 Kevin Tillman
Buddy McGirt KO 3 Earl Jackson
Tony Marshall KO 5 Roland Rangel
Steve Martinez KO 8 Tim Dendy
Ray Oliveira W 8 Ricardo Smith

WELTERWEIGHTS
Julio Cesar Chavez KO 8 Joey Gamache
Fred Pendleton KO 2 Mike Bryan
Meldrick Taylor W 10 Tommy Small
Adrian Stone Tech. Draw 5
Gilberto Flores
Leonard Townsend W 10 Mike Smith
Antonio Margarito KO 4 Alfred Ankamah
Romallis Ellis KO 10 Pedro Sanchez

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Giovanni Parisi KO 4 Sergio Rey
Vince Phillips KO 5
Juan Carlos Rodriguez
Mark Lewis Tech. Dec. 5
Bolillo Gonzalez
Jaime Ocegueda W 10 Mark Lewis
Sharmba Mitchell KO 1 John Stewart
Reggie Green KO 12 Anthony Suggs
Antonio Pitalua KO 2
Rogelio Montenegro
Leonardo Mas KO 8 Javier Marquez
Soren Sondergaard W 12 Carl Wright
Alfonso Sanchez KO 1 Ameth Aranda

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Phillip Holiday W 12 Joel Diaz
(Retains IBF Title)
Shane Mosley KO 1 Ramon Felix
Artur Grigorjan KO 2 Gene Reed
Goyo Vargas KO 4 Mark Reels
Billy Irwin W 12 David Tetteh
Demetrio Ceballos KO 6 Manuel Gomez
Ruben Castillo W 12 Manny Castillo

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Yong Soo Choi W 12 Yamato Mitani
(Retains WBA Title)
Genaro Hernandez W 10
Antonio Hernandez
Robert Garcia KO 4 Jose Herrera
Troy Dorsey KO 9 Jimmi Bredahl
Julian Wheeler W 12 Jorge Paez
Goyo Vargas KO 7 Raul Hernandez
Tony Pep KO 3 Jose Luis Baltazar
Pancho Segura D 10 Jesus Mayorga
Floyd Mayweather Jr. KO 2
Robert Apodaca

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Luisito Espinosa KO 8
Nobutoshi Hiranaka
(Retains WBC Title)
Juan Manuel Marquez W 10
Darryl Pinckney
Orlando Canizales KO 10 Sergio Reyes
Laureano Ramirez W 12 Stefano Zoff
Jon Jo Irwin W 12 Smith Odoom
Jorge Monzon KO 8 Daniel Alicea

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Antonio Cermeno KO 5 Eddie Saenz
(Retains WBA Title)
Erik Morales KO 2 Pedro Javier Torres
Enrique Sanchez KO 6 Jorge Munoz
Aristead Clayton KO 3 Ricky Denkins
Angel Chacon KO 4 Elias Juarez

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Daorung (Chuwatana) Siriwat
Tech. Dec. 10 Nana Konadu
(Regains WBA Title)
Paulie Ayala W 12 Ivan Alvarez

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Danny Romero KO 12 Polo Saucedo
(Retains IBF Title)
Hiroshi Kawashima KO 2
Domingo Sosa
(Retains WBC Title)
Johnny Tapia KO 7 Sammy Stewart
Paul Weir W 6 Lyndon Kershaw

FLYWEIGHTS
Peter Culshaw KO 7 James Wanene
Will Grigsby W 12 Jesus Lopez
Eric Morel KO 3 Jose Luis Aguilar

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Saman Sorjaturong KO 2 Ali Galvez
(Retains WBC Title)
Michael Carbajal KO 5 Tomas Rivera
(Retains IBF Title)
Manuel Jesus Herrera W 10
Salvador Casillas
Ramon Hurtado W 10 Pedro Alderete

STRAWWEIGHTS
Ricardo Lopez KO 6 Morgan Nduma
(Retains WBC Title)
Ratanapol Sor Vorapin KO 5
Oscar Andrade
(Retains IBF Title)

MIKE TYSON

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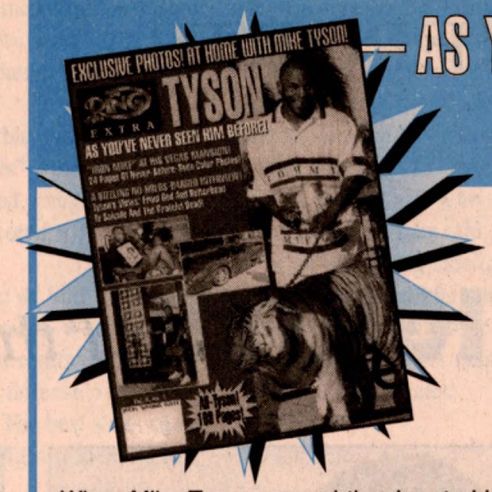

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER of the MONTH

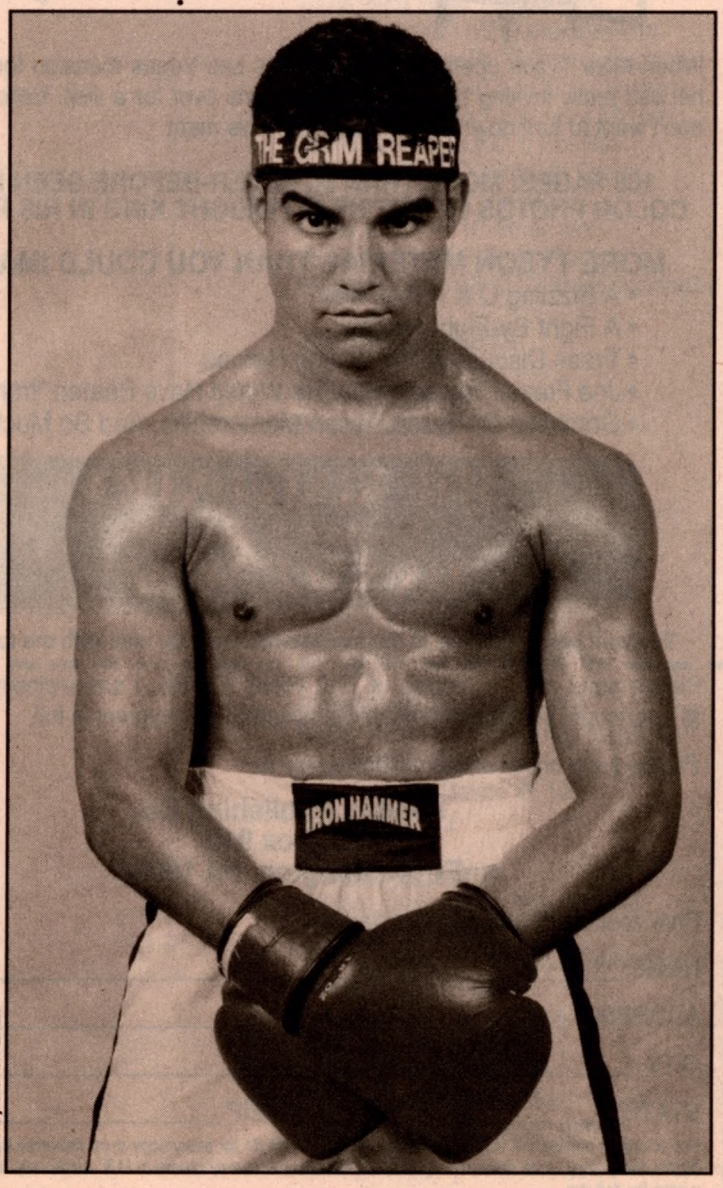


Photo by Steve Parkin

Before he became a professional boxer, England's Reid worked as a bookmaker's clerk. Did he, we wonder, bet on himself before his challenge of WBC super middleweight champion Vincenzo Nardiello in Milan? Only if he was wagering with his heart, and not his head. Nardiello, an enigmatic southpaw, was hardly special, but he was far more experienced than the challenger, and he was fighting at home. Even to underdog-lovers, the bout hardly seemed like an upset-to-be.

So, of course, the 25-year-old Reid, a bronze medalist at the 1992 Olympics, battered Nardiello and took the title by seventh-round kayo.

Reid, who is promoted by Frank Warren, is a welcome addition to the championship roster. His countryman, Nigel Benn, was among the most colorful titlists in the game. It wasn't so sweet, then, when Benn lost the WBC super middleweight title to the drab Sugarboy Malinga. And Malinga losing to Nardiello barely raised a single brow. But Reid is a fan-friendly young puncher, and we never tire of those.

• • • •

Robin Reid

Keith Holmes KO 12 Richie Woodhall

Upper Marlboro, Maryland: Champions often get the luxury of a fairly soft touch in their first title defense. Not WBC middleweight champion Holmes, who went from lifting the belt from Quincy Taylor in March to facing mandatory challenger Woodhall at the Show Place Arena.

Not only that, but Holmes wasn't even the only 160-pound champion on the card; Don King coupled him with WBA titlist and fellow local product William Joppy in a doubleheader dubbed "Middleweight Mayhem."

In a tactical and somewhat boring bout—this was one of those when you shrug and say, "Styles make fights"—the 27-year-old southpaw Holmes, 157, Hyattsville, Maryland, caught the tiring Woodhall, 158, Telford, England, late and scored a TKO at 2:32 of the last round.

Little happened over the first 11 rounds, as both men were passive and content to wait for the other to react. Woodhall, 26, danced around, looking to land jabs and lead rights to the body, while the 6'2" Holmes frustrated him with defense and movement of his own. Few punches were landed. The best shots came in the seventh, when Holmes landed two right uppercuts and bloodied Woodhall's nose.

In the 12th, the wheels came off Woodhall. Holmes, 30-1 (20), hurt him with two lefts, and sensing the challenger was in trouble, unloaded with a short right inside. Woodhall, 21-1 (13), retreated, and Holmes dropped him hard in the center of the ring with a perfect left uppercut and right hook. The challenger rose, then staggered around with Holmes in pursuit until referee Arthur Mercante (USA) stepped in.

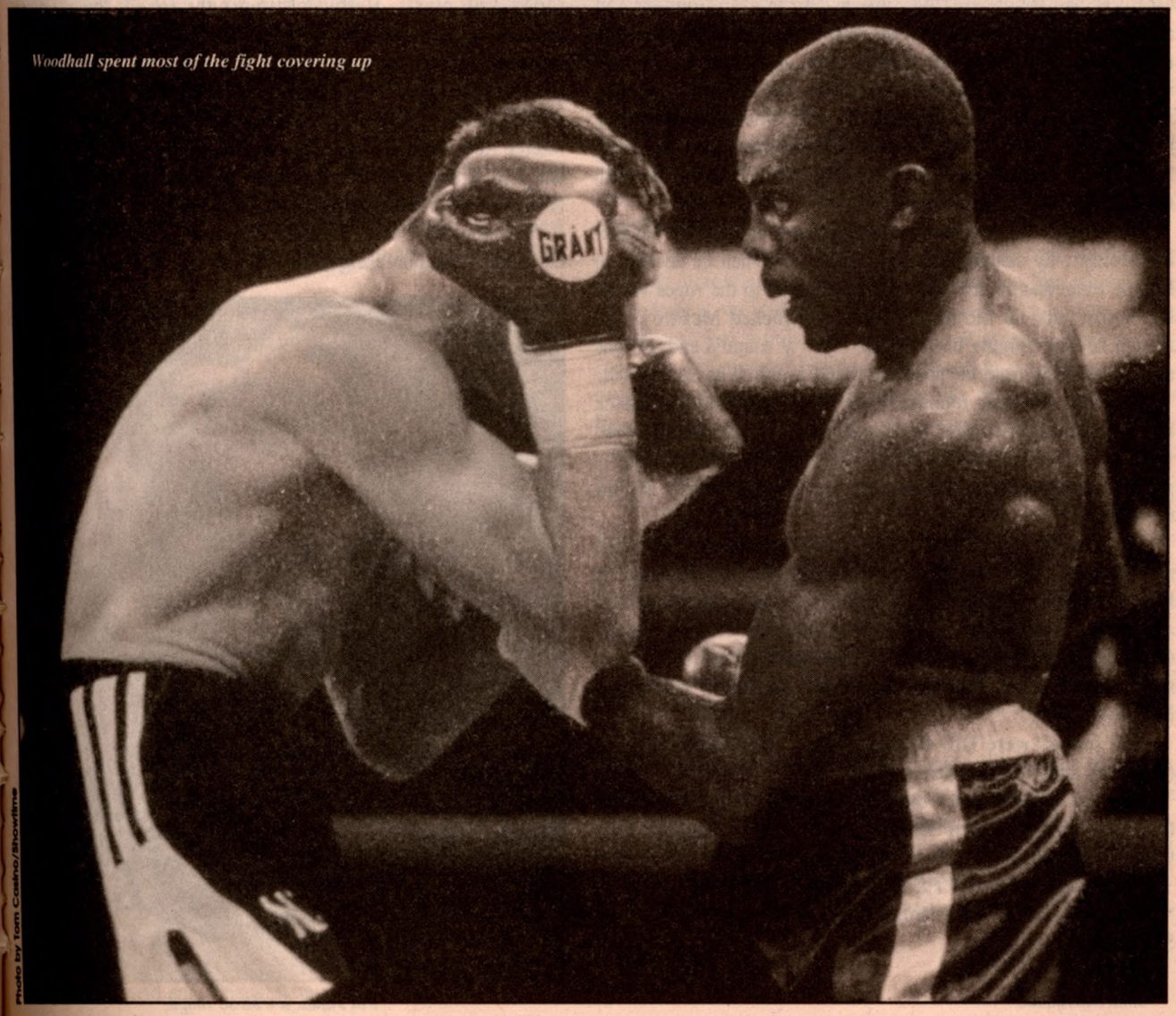
All three judges, Juan Jose Guerra (Mexico), Angel Luis Guzman (Puerto Rico), and Ken Morita (Japan), had Holmes comfortably ahead at the time of the stoppage.

"He was awkward, and as tall as me [actually 6'1"]," Holmes said of Woodhall, who was a bronze medalist at the 1988 Olympics. "Like they said, Englishmen are stubborn."

In an interesting sidelight, a reporter from the British weekly *Boxing News* said after the fight that Woodhall had undergone surgery on his right elbow just 12 days before the fight. If so, the middleweight and his main trustees, father Leonard and Mickey Duff, sure kept it quiet.

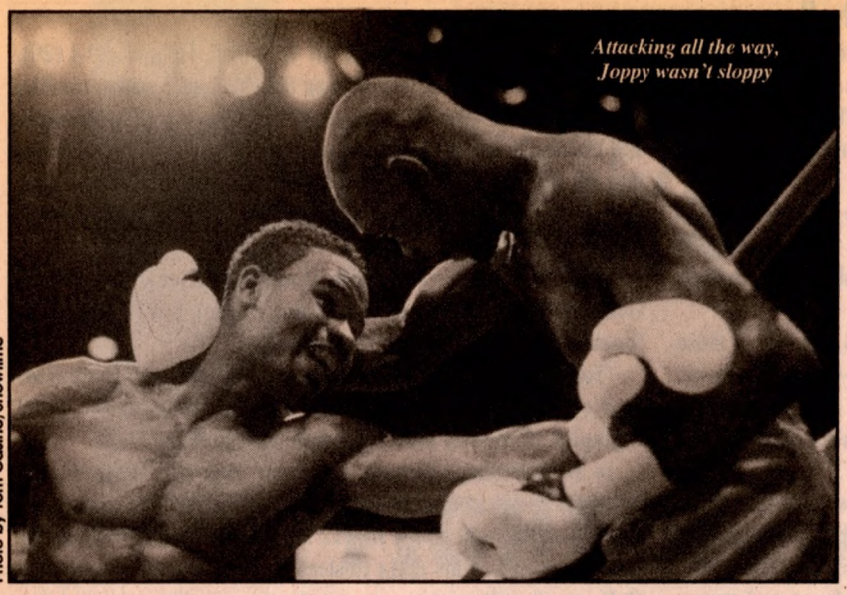
(10-19-96)

John Scheinman



Woodhall spent most of the fight covering up

Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime



Attacking all the way, Joppy wasn't sloppy

Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime

William Joppy KO 6 Ray McElroy

Upper Marlboro, Maryland: Of the three previous bouts McElroy had fought in 1996, one had been a six-rounder and another an eight. Nonetheless, the WBA and Don King saw him as a worthy challenger for middleweight champion Joppy, who was making his first defense of the title he won in June.

As expected, the 26-year-old Joppy, 159, Rockville, Maryland, had his way, dominating the overmatched but game McElroy, 156½, Las Vegas, Nevada, and stopping him at 1:41 of the sixth round at the Show Place Arena.

Brimming with confidence, Joppy opened against the advancing McElroy by dancing and blocking shots. When he decided to fire, he immediately drove the 6'2" challenger to the ropes with a left hook. Later in the first, a lead right rocked McElroy, and though he was fighting back off the ropes at round's end, he was already bleeding from the nose and mouth and looking outclassed.

Over the following rounds, Joppy would rush and rest, attack and then dance. Whenever in danger, McElroy, 29, smartly fired with all he had to Joppy's body. The counterattack cost him a point when he landed low in the fifth round and obviously had little effect.

In the sixth, Joppy, 23-0-1 (19), came out ripping bodyshots, and McElroy, 21-5 (9), got into the slugging as best he could. A lead right off a break rocked the challenger into a neutral corner, and Joppy exploded with a torrent of punches. Referee Kenny Chevalier (USA) bobbed in and out, just inches from the fighters, until calling it off with the champion repeatedly landing to McElroy's head.

The judges were Bill Holmes (USA), Octavio Rodriguez (Panama), and Melchior Taylor (Trinidad).

"He was tougher than I thought; I thought I'd get him earlier than that," Joppy said of McElroy. "He knew he couldn't keep taking those punches."

Responded McElroy, "The guy hits like a woman."

The bout, along with Holmes-Woodhall, was televised by Showtime.

(10-19-96)

John Scheinman

Roy Jones KO 2 Bryant Brannon

New York, New York: At 9 p.m. on October 4, the world's best fighter held a press conference and said no one wanted to fight him.

At 10 p.m., he showed Bryant Brannon why.

Defending the IBF super middleweight title for the fifth time, Jones did nothing to alter his status. Dazzling the 3,829 New Yorkers in attendance at The Theater at Madison Square Garden, he calmly withstood the mandatory challenger's opening salvo, then chopped him down with a sensational display of combination-punching.

Brannon, 168, Trenton, New Jersey, entered the ring with some trash-talk, and at the opening bell, he tried to walk the walk. The 27-year-old Jones, 168, Pensacola, Florida, backed to the ropes and covered up. While the shorter Brannon, 30, landed a few haymakers to the head and body, Jones blocked most of the 50-odd punches and rolled with others. Halfway through the round, the champion decided to respond, and Brannon was overwhelmed by sharp uppercuts and hooks. A left uppercut changed the momentum, and a hook to the liver all but deflated the challenger.

A counter hook to the chin downed Brannon, who rose at U.S. referee Ron Lipton's count of six. Jones initially went for the finish, and Brannon lasted the round only because the champion backed off over the last 20 seconds of the round.

Brannon, 16-1 (10), chose to stand during the rest period, but he wouldn't remain upright for long. Jones, 33-0 (29), opened the

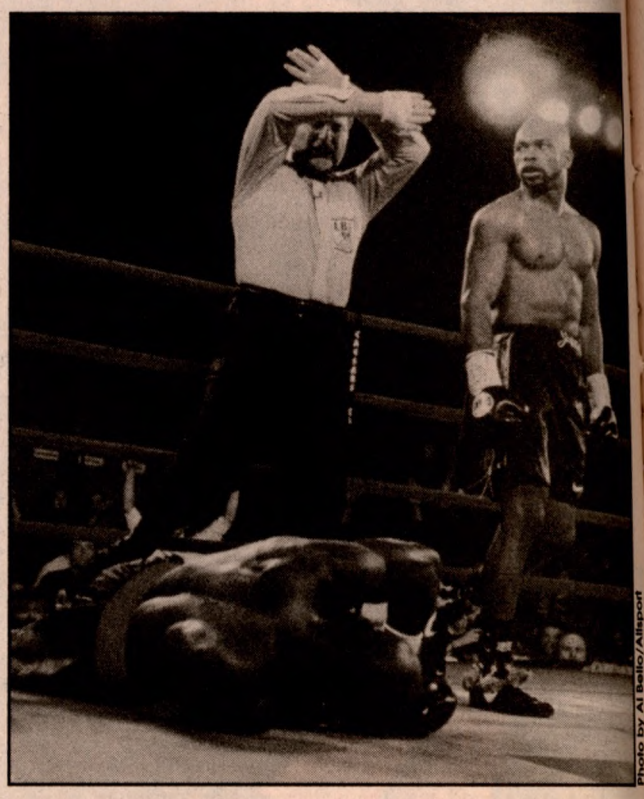


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

For Jones, it's all so simple

second with a mid-ring blitz. To his credit, Brannon sponged the punches, then again backed his opponent to the ropes and fired away. Thirty seconds in, Jones answered with a highlight-film five-hook combination. Later in the round, a counter hook drove Brannon down. While Lipton counted, Jones cavalierly stood motionless and gazed into the crowd. His followup assault was devastating, and Brannon backed to the ropes. At one point, Jones stopped firing and looked to Lipton as if asking, "Why aren't you stopping it?" Only seconds later, a hook felled Brannon for a third time, and Lipton called a halt at the 2:23 mark without bothering to count.

The judges were Don Nodecker, Don Ackerman, and Joe Ware, all from the USA.

Said Jones of Brannon's opening tactics, "If you fight Roy Jones, you better come at him because that's your only chance when you're 5'8"."

"Brannon went down trying, he didn't quit," said the challenger's promoter, Russell Peltz. "Roy had to pound him through the floor."

Then Peltz echoed the thoughts of boxing fans everywhere when he said he hoped Jones would fight more often: "We want to see more of him."

According to Jones and HBO, WBA super middleweight champion Frankie Liles rejected a seven-figure offer to fight boxing's best. As we went to press, it seemed likely that Jones' next defense would come against three-division former champion Mike McCallum.

(10-4-96)

Steve Farhood

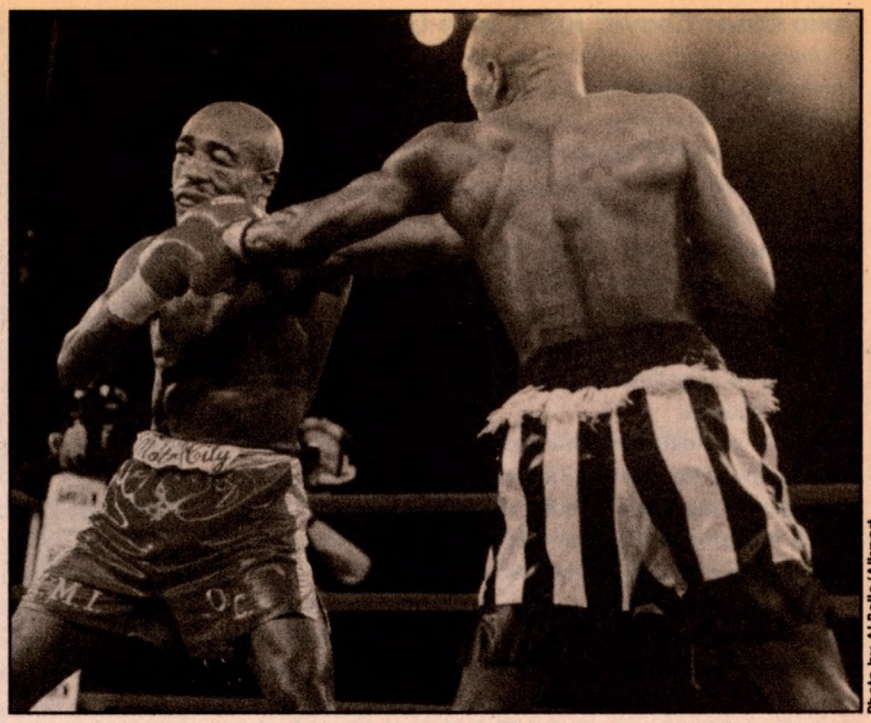


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Quartey's left had a definite effect

Ike Quartey W 12 Oba Carr

New York, New York: He may not have appeared to be the assassin some had advertised, but if WBA welterweight champion "Bazooka" Quartey's majority decision victory convinced the big-name 147-pounders that he's not so tough after all, it will have served him far better than a first-round kayo.

Speaking of reputations, Quartey, 147, Accra, Ghana, found mandatory challenger Carr, 147, Detroit, Michigan, far tougher than he was supposed to be. This was the 26-year-old champion's fifth defense, and most observers figured he'd bring Carr, 24, to a screeching halt, especially since the challenger had been turned into scrap metal by IBF titlist Felix Trinidad in his only previous title fight.

The heavily muscled Quartey's advantage in strength was evident from the start, but Carr compensated by offering a technically superior performance. The Motowner moved only to his left—and away from Quartey's destructive left hand. He jabbed well, made sure to flaunt his superior hand speed by punching in combination, and worked the body as well as the head. But Quartey jabbed and punched downstairs, too, and every time he connected with his power shots, he threatened to park Carr.

This was a good one. The welters traded momentum over the first half of the bout. Quartey, 33-0 (28), accelerated in the fourth, but lost a point in that round when referee Arthur Mercante (USA) penalized him for pulling down on Carr's neck. The fifth and sixth also belonged to the champion, as his countrymen rhythmically and raucously banged drums from their ringside seats.

The middle rounds cost Carr, 39-2 (25), the fight. In the seventh, his mouth hung open, his legs sagged, and his swollen face suggested a one-sided match. Worse yet, a low blow in the eighth cost him a point. But just when it appeared that he was spent, he did his best fighting. He shined in the 10th and 11th, backing up Quartey and outfighting him. He lost another point for punching low in the 10th, but regained it in the 11th, when Quartey slipped to the floor and Mercante, who has had better nights, ruled a knockdown.

Having adjusted well, Quartey used right hands to take the 12th. As it turned out, he needed the round on only one of the cards. Jose Laurino (Uruguay) scored 117-107, Luis Rivera (Puerto Rico) 116-109, and Gonzalo Riveras (Venezuela) an off-base 112-112. THE RING scored for Quartey by 115-110.

"I think the referee was unfair," Quartey said afterward.

"I think it was a pretty good night for me," said Carr. "I think I scored a little bit more points than he did, but I guess the judges thought differently."

Carr hoped for a rematch, but Quartey, who wants to engage Pernell Whitaker and Felix Trinidad in unification matches, is more likely to next defend against Mexico's dangerous Jose Luis Lopez. No matter who he fights, we're sure to see a lot more of the Ghanaian; Quartey has just signed a long-term deal with HBO.

The Quartey-Carr and Jones-Brannon fights were televised by HBO.

(10-4-96)

Steve Farhood

Julio Cesar Chavez KO 8 Joey Gamache

Anaheim, California: Not many doubted how this one would come out, but it was a good fight anyway, largely due to the guts and tenacity of Gamache.

This was the first fight for super-legend Chavez, a pudgy and career-high 146, Culiacan, Mexico, since his bloody fourth-round TKO loss to Oscar De La Hoya in June. His bout against two-division former champion Gamache, 145, Lewiston, Maine, was supposed to be the chief support to De La Hoya-Miguel Angel Gonzalez in Las Vegas. But when De La Hoya pulled out with tendinitis, Chavez-Gamache gained main-event status and was moved to the Arrowhead Pond in Anaheim. It remained a pay-per-view presentation.

The 30-year-old Gamache came out strong, moving and even backing up the slow-starting Chavez, 34. But by the third round, he began having trouble fending off the Mexican's left hooks, which landed high and low. And when a fighter can't elude Chavez' hooks, he's in a world of trouble.

Chavez, who has looked sharper, still managed to wear down his opponent, throwing more accurately as welts and blood started appearing on Gamache's face. Referee Marty Denkin took a point from Gamache in the fifth for butting. In the sixth, Chavez hit on the break and Gamache countered. Both drew warnings.

In the eighth, with Gamache weary and bloodied, Chavez, 97-2-1 (79), piled up points. Making a last stand, Gamache, 45-3-(29), waded into his opponent with an existential fury, and Chavez met him toe-to-toe in ring-center. They drifted over to the ropes, both winging solid punches, and the 10,000-plus in attendance rose to their feet and cheered wildly. Gamache was cut around both eyes and totally spent. No one protested when, after the bell, Denkin cradled the fighter and waved it over.

The judges were John Schorle, Joan Ortega, and Ha Elespuru, all from the USA.

Chavez, who, if he keeps winning, is all but guaranteed an er shot at De La Hoya, conceded that Gamache had given hi tough fight. "He hurt me a little with the left," he said.

Said Gamache, "I guess the focus tonight wasn't so much wi ning the fight, but I wanted to go out there and fight as hard a could."

Chavez' next fight will come against Mickey Ward i December.

Promoter: Top Rank

(10-12-96)

Ivan G. Goldman

Michael Carbajal KO 5 Tomas Rivera

Anaheim, California: Carbajal, who for a good while was mak ing quite a splash for a 108-pounder, seemed to sink from sight after unceremoniously ditching promoter Bob Arum to sign on with Don King. These days, however, the 29-year-old "Little Hands Of Stone" is reunited with Arum. He's again the IBF junior flyweight champion—this was his second defense—and he no longer has to contend with his nemesis, the now-retired Chiquita Gonzalez.

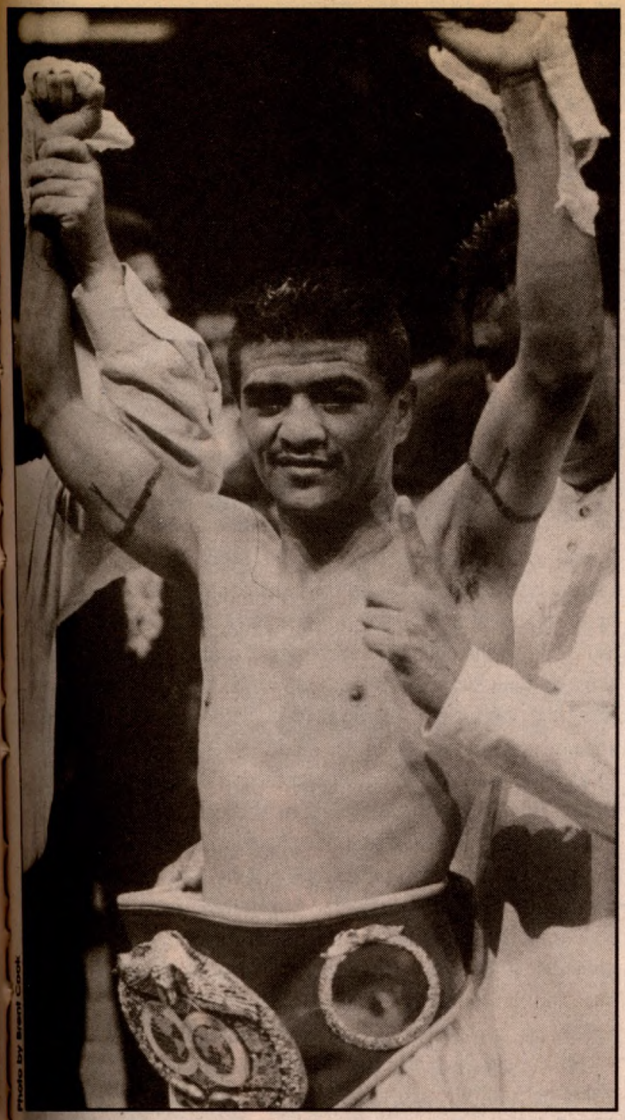
Before this bout, the co-feature on the Chavez-Gamache card, Arum and TVKO seemed to be keeping the name of Carbajal's opponent a secret. Television promos mentioned the champion, of course, but not TOG (The Other Guy), who is not to be confused with the oft-used TBA (To Be Announced).

Cynics speculated that perhaps TOG was some peanut vendor

Chavez beat Gamache with panache

Photo by Jed Jacobsohn/Allsport

Photo by Brent Cook



Carbajal: Another powerplay

or usher, but ultimately, a genuine professional boxer was produced. As it turned out, Carbajal, 107, Phoenix, Arizona, was never tested by the 23-year-old Rivera, 108, Villa Union, Mexico, who was fighting outside of his homeland for only the second time.

Carbajal looked in shape, on his game, and as powerful as ever. He easily won the first round, then dominated more and more as the bout progressed. Rivera came forward in stretches, but the champion made him pay, winging a smorgasbord of punches.

In the third, Rivera got inside, but he was ineffective as Carbajal, 43-2 (28), thumped him with hooks, uppercuts, and rights to the head and body. In the fourth, a hook to the liver set up a big right, and Rivera, 13-2-2 (8), went down. He beat the count of referee Pat Russell (USA), but Carbajal came in with a flurry and put him down again. Once more, Rivera beat the count, but he was wobbly at the bell.

In the fifth, no one was surprised when a Carbajal right put Rivera on his knees. He stayed there as Russell counted to 10, with the end coming at the 1:26 mark.

The judges were Gwen Adair, Robert Byrd, and Marty Sammon, all from the USA.

The fans, most of them Latinos, booed the winner. "In California," responded Carbajal, "the crowd boos me and Oscar [De La Hoya]. We're Mexican-Americans. That's the way it is. It doesn't bother me."

Carbajal needs a faceoff with gifted and unbeaten WBC strawweight champion Ricardo Lopez. The fans deserve to see this fight. But Lopez is promoted by King, so the fans, of course, lose again.

(10-12-96)

Ivan G. Goldman

Yong Soo Choi W 12 Yamato Mitani

Tokyo, Japan: Rugged infighter Choi again proved superior to the southpaw Mitani, retaining the WBA junior lightweight title by unanimous decision at Tokyo Metropolitan Gymnasium. It was Choi's third defense, and his third win over Mitani, two of which have come in title fights.

A four-time former amateur champion, the 25-year-old Mitani, 130, Japan, started quickly, scoring with jabs and straight lefts in the first round. Choi, 130, South Korea, applied sufficient pressure to take the second and third. The challenger rebounded with sharp punching in the fourth. Then Choi, 21-2 (13), carried the fifth, sixth, and seventh, and in the eighth seemed on the verge of a kayo.

Surprisingly, Mitani, 8-3 (7), came back to take the ninth, but Choi, having worn down his opponent, captured the last three rounds. The rubbery-legged Mitani fell in the final seconds of the 12th and was saved by the bell.

The scoring was far closer than it should have been, with Antonio Requena (Venezuela) scoring 115-113, Larry Rozadilla 115-114, and Medaldo Villalobos (Panama) 115-112.

Choi, 24, is not technically skilled, but he continues to compensate with his tremendous fighting heart.

Promoter: Misako Promotions

(10-13-96)

Joe Koizumi

Hiroshi Kawashima KO 2 Domingo Sosa

Tokyo, Japan: Speedy lefty Kawashima kept the WBC super flyweight title, crushing Sosa at Ryogoku Sumo Arena. It was his sixth defense.

The 26-year-old Kawashima, 115, Japan, quickly solved the taller Sosa, 115, Dominican Republic, who started quickly. The champion finished round one with sharp combinations. Sosa, 33, again tried to take the initiative in the second, but Kawashima forced him to the ropes with a flurry. His punches caused Sosa's knees to buckle, and when there was no letup, referee Laurence Cole (USA) intervened at the 2:15 mark.

Kawashima is nicknamed "The Untouchable" because of his defensive skills. This fight did nothing to alter his reputation.

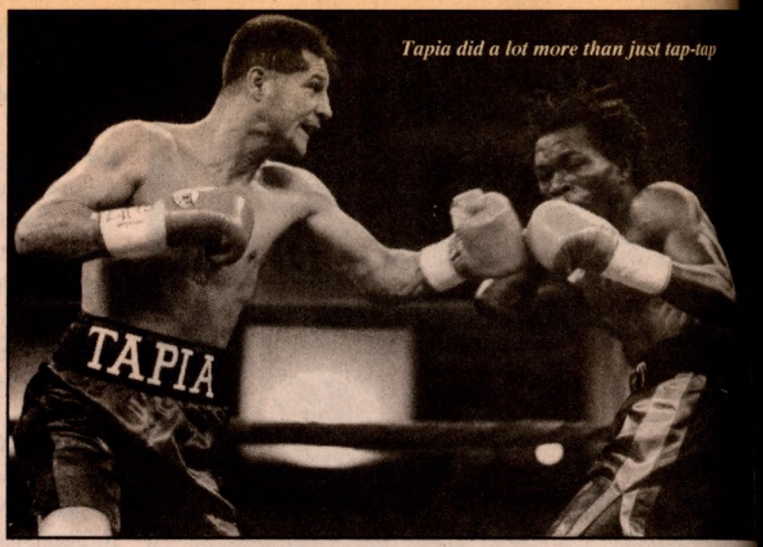
The judges were Dick Young (USA), Nicolas Hidalgo (Venezuela), and Harold Lawrence (Curacao).

Promoter: Kyokuto Promotions

(10-12-96)

Joe Koizumi

Johnny Tapia KO 7 Sammy Stewart



Tapia did a lot more than just tap-tap

Las Vegas, Nevada: Working behind a stinging jab and steadily counterpunching against his opponent's lunging offense, junior bantamweight Tapia remained unbeaten, halting Stewart before an outdoor crowd of 2,332 at the Texas Station Hotel and Gambling Hall.

Early on, the 29-year-old Tapia, 115, Albuquerque, New Mexico, got the message that it was going to be an uncomfortable night. Stewart, 113½, Las Vegas, Nevada, via Liberia, repeatedly leaped inside with punches and ended up with his head on Tapia's chest. There were no penalties, but referee Jay Nady (USA) warned Stewart for butting in each of the first three rounds.

Tapia, who finished with brownish-blue bruises under his collarbone, was patient from the first round through the fourth. He went to his toes in the fourth, and by the fifth was fed up with Stewart's awkward style. That's when he began to back up the 1988 Olympian with combinations.

Early in the seventh, Stewart, 27, reached in with a left hook. Tapia, 38-0-2 (23), backed away, then shook his opponent with a left-right to the head. Continuing to bore in, Stewart took a heavy hook that snapped back his head and forced him to lurch in keeping his balance. Tapia began stalking. He moved Stewart, 14-6-2 (8), around the ring with a nine-punch combination, and when he added three chopping rights, perhaps his best punches of the fight, Stewart reached out to clutch his tormentor. That was enough for Nady to call a halt at the 1:44 mark.

The judges were Duane Ford, Bill Graham, and Thomas Miller.

"Stewart was getting hit hard," explained the referee. "When a fighter drops his hands, he loses his defense, and that's what Sammy was doing. He was no longer able to fight without getting hurt."

Said Tapia, "After we bumped heads, I had the reach and started countering because I didn't want to get a headbutt. Stewart had a hard head, kinda spiky. But I was in control, and I decided to fight a smart fight. I wasn't worried about a knockout."

Tapia earned $100,000 and Stewart $12,500.

The bout was televised by ESPN.

Promoter: Top Rank

(10-11-96)

Jack Welsh

Robin Reid KO 7 Vincenzo Nardiello

Milan, Italy: Disregarding 10,500 fiercely partisan supporters and the widespread belief that to gain a draw on Italian soil, you must knock the home fighter out, Reid outhustled and outmuscled a subdued Nardiello to capture the WBC super middleweight title at The Forum. It was Nardiello's first defense of the title he won in an upset from Sugarboy Malinga.

A temperamental and inconsistent performer, the 30-year-old Nardiello, 168, Rome, Italy, looked uncomfortable for much of the fight. From the fifth round, the southpaw's heart sank, and three times he slumped to the canvas claiming fouls. Referee Frank Cappuccino (USA) was having none of it and ordered the Italian to continue fighting. For his part, Reid, 167¾, Runcorn, England, who boxed solidly from the opening bell, stuck rigidly to his task, maintaining the pressure until Nardiello could take no more. When the champion went down from a combination of head shots and a wide hook to the body in the seventh, he was resigned to defeat, making no attempt to beat the count, even though it appeared he could.

Part-time model and a bronze medalist at the 1992 Olympics, Reid, 25, utilized a stiff jab in the opening round, forcing Nardiello onto his back foot. He shaded the round on pure aggression, but faced a more purposeful Nardiello in the second. At one point, the champion hammered home three left crosses in a row, endorsing the impression that Reid might have been matched past his level. Reid struck Nardiello with a right just above the waistline, and the Italian crumpled in a heap, claiming a low blow. He did get up, however, to dominate the remainder of the round.

By the end of the fourth, Nardiello, 30-6 (17), seemed in control. Charging through the champion's punches in the fifth, Reid, 22-0-1 (17), reemployed the pressuring tactics that had previously worked well for him. Near the end of the round he got through with a succession of headpunches, culminating in a couple of hard rights that sent Nardiello to the floor. The bell sounded, and Nardiello's corner went to work on a cut over his left eye.

Nardiello was reluctant for the rest of the bout. A flurry of shots to the head and body, followed by a thumping hook to the ribs from a southpaw stance, broke Nardiello's heart and resistance, and Cappuccino counted him out at the 2:58 mark.

The judges were Alfredo Asaro (France), Fernando Fernandez (Spain), and Roger Kreitz (Luxembourg).

Reid's victory was witnessed at ringside by Marvin Hagler, the former undisputed middleweight champion who is now a resident of Milan. Marvelous Marvin gave Reid's performance a seal of approval. Relayed Reid, "He said I looked like a champion from the start, and boxed well. Hagler said he could see I was hungry, and as long as I keep that hunger, I'll keep the title."

Nardiello turned up at the postfight press conference with a plaster cast stretching to his elbow, having fractured two bones in his left hand.

(10-12-96)

Brian Doogan ■

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Ike Quartey

(Continued from page 37)

undercard. His knockout of South Korea's Jung Oh Park was not televised. It was meant not so much for the viewer as for the televiser.

"It proved to be a pretty good investment," said Duva. "People walked out of the building shaking their heads, wondering, *Who is this guy?*"

Quartey had earned a shot on HBO, again on a Whitaker show. While Whitaker was struggling in St. Maarten, Quartey was demolishing the accomplished Vincent Phillips, whose postfight assessment was classic: "In the first round, I hit him and he laughed at me. In the second, I hit him and he sneered. In the third round, he knocked me out."

"That was the first time Ike was televised in this country, and everyone got to see his talent," said Duva.

Added DiBella, "At the casino that night, everyone kept saying, 'This guy has to be an HBO fighter.'"

But his first fight for his new backers—Quartey has more promoters and advisers than anyone in boxing, ranging from management in Ghana to the Acaries brothers to the Duvas to the Levin brothers in Pensacola, Florida—was a reminder of Duva's warning: "I don't think he's come close to realizing his full potential."

He was not at his best against Carr, who may have given the finest performance of his 39-2 career, the other loss coming against Trinidad. Teddy Brenner always said, "You don't judge a fighter by his best night, you judge him by how he responds when he finds himself in a little trouble."

Quartey, a bit overanxious, a bit *arrogant*, and up against a fine challenger enjoying *his* best night, still won clearly and handily. The fact that referee Arthur Mercante did not have *his* best night also hindered Quartey, who was never really able to find his best rhythm because of the constant interruptions.

Quartey said Carr's continual low blows made him change his distance, which also affected his performance. But outside of Whitaker, it is hard to imagine anyone in the welterweight division—Trinidad or the still-growing junior welterweight champion, De La Hoya, with their questionable chins—beating the man who may someday become known as the finest African boxer in history.

Dick Tiger, Cornelius Boza-Edwards, and John Mugabi probably do not compare with the fighters who came out of the Bokum district of Accra. Quartey comes from the same gym that helped produce Azumah Nelson—before the grand old warrior moved his heavybags into his own home. Quartey's trainer, Daniel Odamtten, learned his trade in the same gym with David "Poison" Kotey, who in 1975 beat Ruben Olivares for the featherweight title. Odamtten communicates to Quartey between rounds in Ga, the predominant language of Accra. Quartey also speaks Twi, the first language of the nation. His English, said Duva, needed improvement for marketing purposes, though Quartey's fists learned to speak for themselves out of necessity. He was the 27th and final child of an Accra high-court clerk, who happened to be a legendary streetfighter in Bokum.

Bokum is a rough neighborhood that produces great fighters, like Santiago, Cuba, or Brooklyn. One of the favorite games is fighting—not for malice, not in anger, but just for fun. It's a cheap game, as yet undiscovered by the shoe companies.

"People must be very strong there," said Asah, another Bokum product. They are made strong by fishing, the neighborhood's primary source of income. Asah said it takes great strength to row the boats or cast the nets upon the water and drag back the Atlantic Ocean in large doses. But Quartey said he did not get strong rowing, and he did not get strong throwing nets into the ocean. "From my father," he said, the smile less chilling during an interview than it appears in the ring.

It must run in the family. An older brother, named Clement, but also known as Ike, became the first African boxer to win an Olympic silver medal. This was in 1960 in Rome, at the same Olympics where a young American named Cassius Clay struck gold. The younger Ike, who began boxing at the age of eight or nine, and who, after only nine amateur bouts took a bronze medal at the world juniors in Cuba, tried the Olympics in 1988, losing to Australia's Grahame Cheney before the medal rounds.

(Continued on page 58)

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Publisher's Weekly

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Ike Quartey

(Continued from page 57)

He turned pro the next year, winning the African junior welterweight and WBC International titles before moving up in weight and class. He began to fight in France, but never bothered with the language that didn't have *kenkey* on its menus. After each fight, he would return home. Still does. It is where he gathers his strength. And, like his continent, he has learned to be patient. His time is coming. ■

Michael Katz is a boxing writer and columnist for the New York Daily News.

New Faces

(Continued from page 16)

As if he needed to train longer. "He's the hardest-working guy in the gym," trainer Janks Morton said admiringly.

The fight with Sanders, a rugged 290-pound giant, showed just what kind of monster Ballard has turned himself into. You could sense the tension as soon as both fighters were led into the ring. The Washington area is loaded with world-class little men, but outside of Bowe, few bona fide heavyweights. This was for bragging rights and the chance to take that next step forward.

Ballard, who considers himself a boxer-puncher ("I can box and bang," he said. "I let people's styles dictate their own ass-whippin'"), came out swarming, thumping home rights and left hooks to Sanders' massive body. Totally disdainful, Sanders at one point laid his back on the ropes, raised his hands into the air, and let Ballard swing away. Bad, bad idea. Working over Sanders, Ballard looked like John Henry driving railroad spikes. Before long, the big man pitched over and collapsed in a heap on the canvas. It was a ferocious performance.

Before serving jail time, Ballard was a bit headstrong. The only athlete in a family of seven brothers and two sisters, he gone 61-2 as an amateur, winning titles the Ohio State Fair, D.C. Golden Glove and prestigious Mayor's Cup tournament He opened his pro career with thre straight kayo victories, but out of the ring things were going in the wrong direction He dropped out of school, and at just 1 was working as a bouncer at an infamou 14th Street strip club. He also wasn't pay ing attention to trainer Norman Smith Now, after a taste of incarceration, he's paying attention.

Smith, 58, a former amateur feather-weight star in the '50s who has worked with such notable pros as Darryl Tyson and Kenny Baysmore, kept in constant contact with Ballard while the heavy-weight was in jail, and invited him into his Northwest Washington home upon his release.

"We get up in the morning together, go to bed together," Smith said. "When I was coming up, I'd sneak out the back door. I never used to train like I was supposed to train. So I don't want Jerry to make the

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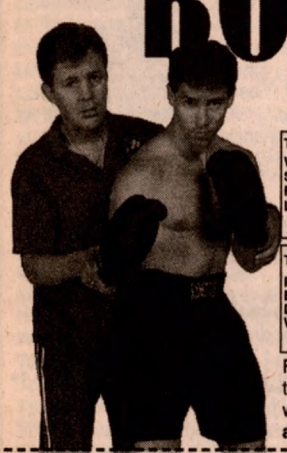

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same mistakes."

Smith did everything he could to keep Ballard's spirits up while the fighter was in prison. To get him laughing, he periodically sent him a pair of bikini briefs in the mail. Not exactly jailhouse attire.

Ballard never will forget the look on a female correction officer's face when she was checking through one of the packages. "She said, 'You're not going to wear that, are you?'" recalled Ballard. "I said, 'They're mine, aren't they?'"

"And what if he did?" added Smith. "Who was going to mess with him?"

"He's a true friend," Ballard said of Smith. "I know he wouldn't tell me nothing wrong. But he gets on my nerves 23½ hours a day. When I do something wrong, I look to see if he's coming. But every day I'm with him, I learn something. Whether I'm right or wrong, he's gonna tell me."

Since his release, Ballard has been completely focused on boxing. Except for a disputed four-round points loss to Robert Hawkins in March 1995, he has stayed close to home, worked tirelessly, and crushed every man put in front of him. No one has lasted past the sixth round.

Of course, like most up-and-coming heavyweights, Ballard says he wants a piece of Mike Tyson. The difference between Ballard and the others is that he has told Tyson to his face. It was, he says, a scary experience.

"Tyson and I met [in Las Vegas in 1986, when Tyson kayoed Trevor Berbick] and it was a brush with death," Ballard said. "My life flashed before my eyes. I was mouthing off. I told him I was going to win that belt from him one day, and he said, 'Who are you?' And I said, 'Don't worry about who I am. I know who you are.'

"He came back a little later yelling he was going to kill me. A girl was there saying, 'Knock that little guy out so we can get out of here, Mike.' Mike said to me, 'Let's go in the bathroom. I got something for you. I'll fight you in the bathroom.'"

Ballard graciously declined the offer.

Managers Gary Braverman and DeWayne Chambers have Ballard on a fast track. He's set to face Vincent Boulware and then, at the end of the year, fight on a USA Network heavyweight doubleheader featuring Chris Byrd. After that, they'd like a shot at a heavyweight show on HBO.

"As far as HBO is concerned, they can put us in as the opponent if they want because we're going to win," Chambers said.

Smith couldn't agree more. "He's got all the potential," he said. "He's a good trainer, he's got a strong chin, and he's in good condition. I have to stop him from training or he'll overdo it. Any guy in the top 10 we'll take a fight with right now.

"I think the kid can become heavyweight champion of the world. Give us a year and we'll be up there with Tyson." ■

John Scheinman, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is a freelance writer based in Washington, D.C.

Roy Jones

(Continued from page 25)

on a heavyweight, the inevitable question arises: Does Jones have the capability of being a giant-slayer?

For starters, there is the mental side of the challenge. In fighting a heavyweight, Jones recognizes that while he might frustrate one with his quickness, a heavyweight's punch could make dents on his psyche. It takes a strong-minded super middleweight to think he could work an arm's length from that danger. But Jones' people say their man is as willful and cunning as he is quick and elusive.

As evidence, Stan Levin tells the story of what Jones did to a fighter named Ray McElroy, who, while training at the Top Rank Gym in Las Vegas, went around telling people he could kick Roy Jones' butt. Jones heard about McElroy, and when he happened to be in Las Vegas, he made it a point of having his trainer, Alton Merkerson, drive him to the gym.

"It was just before we made the Toney fight," said Stan Levin. "Well, McElroy, whom Toney knew, was skipping rope when Roy arrived. Roy walked up to him and said, 'I understand you want a piece of me.' McElroy started waffling, and Roy just slapped him and walked out.

"I thought it was unlike Roy, and didn't understand why he had done it. Later, after he beat Toney, we were talking, and he said, 'Remember that hassle with McElroy? I did it for a reason. Toney's

(Continued on page 60)

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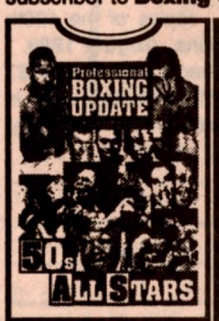

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Roy Jones

(Continued from page 59)

biggest weapon is intimidation. He scares guys. Well, smacking McElroy, I was sending [Toney] a message: Don't mess with Roy Jones.'

"And come that fight, Toney would talk mean when cameras and press were around. But let Roy show up and he'd become docile. Roy let him know he wasn't going to break Roy Jones. And that was why, in Roy's word, he had 'bitch-slapped' the kid McElroy."

Toney is now yesterday's news. And for those who consider the possibility that Jones might yet tangle with a heavyweight, the opponent of choice is Tyson. In his present incarnation, Tyson has appeared to be quicker and at least as powerful as the vintage Tyson who conquered Berbick, Biggs, Holmes, and Spinks. And that has given the Jones camp pause.

"Roy doesn't sell Mike Tyson short," said Stan Levin. "He talks about his quickness, his power, his ring knowledge. Both of them are students of the game. He knows Tyson has watched all of the old-time fights and really gets into them. And he likes that about him."

Not that Jones doesn't continue to think about fighting Tyson. Days before Jones met Brannon, someone asked him if he had the ability to hurt Tyson. Jones said, "I'd have to wear him down first, then I could probably hurt him. But if he was smart, he'd hit me in the arms so I wouldn't be able to use them after a while."

Photographer Tom Casino offers an interesting perspective. He has shot both fighters and finds they share one trait: unpredictability.

"Both of them are so fast, and throw punches from every angle, and do so on impulse," he said. "That makes it harder to anticipate their punches at the moment of contact. Most fighters have a rhythm. They do the same thing again and again. A photographer can get into that groove and nail the action shots. Neither Tyson nor Roy has a groove. It's like that movie *Twister*. You can be looking at the tornado from five feet away and saying, 'Man, what's it gonna do next?'"

Can Jones punch hard enough to discourage any quality heavyweight, m... less Tyson? A few years back, his 6'4" ... blemate, Al "Ice" Cole, a cruiserwe... champion who has since moved up ... heavyweight, kept pestering Jones to s... with him. Finally, Jones agreed, tell... him, "Just one round."

They fought one round. Jones landed ... bodyshot so punishing that Cole dropp... to the canvas. He later told people it w... the hardest he had ever been hit.

While Jones' desire to fight Tyson ha... seemingly softened, given his stated desi... to make his one heavyweight fight coun... who knows? He may come around again... looking for that shot against Iron Mike. And, said Stan Levin, it is not inconceivable that this time King might say yes.

"Maybe somewhere down the road," said Levin, "we'll get [King] to spring Tyson or one of his other heavyweights loose, especially since I keep getting inklings that Tyson doesn't want to fight much longer. By then it might just be worth King's while." ■

Phil Berger is an author and freelance writer based in New York City.

Fighters To Watch

(Continued from page 29)

Floyd Mayweather Jr.
Featherweight
1-0 (1)

Where He's Been: How's this for bloodlines: Mayweather is the son of the 1970s and '80s welterweight contender of the same name, and the nephew of two-division former world champion Roger Mayweather. He won a bronze medal at the Olympics in Atlanta, losing a controversial decision to Bulgarian Serafim Todorov. Was considered America's leading pro prospect going into the Games, and was heavily recruited by several promoters. Ended up signing with Top Rank. Took only 37 seconds to dispose of Robert Apodaca in his pro debut.

Where He's Going: "Floyd insists on fighting as often as possible," said Top Rank's Todd duBoef. "He'll be on ESPN in November, then on HBO seven days

later. He has great confidence in his abilities and tells me, 'Just put them in front of me, and I'll knock them over.'"

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: An undefeated streak against gradually improving opposition.

Danger Zone: The Mayweathers have a reputation for getting into trouble. Floyd Sr. is currently serving a 66-month stint in the federal pen for drug trafficking. Hopefully, Junior will follow his father's steps only in the ring.

Vassili Jirov
Cruiserweight
(no pro record)

Where He's Been: Represented Kazakhstan in the 1996 Olympics, winning the light heavyweight gold medal by outpointing South Korea's Seung Bae Lee in the finals. Also beat highly regarded American and division favorite Antonio Tarver, and won the Val Barker Trophy, awarded to the outstanding boxer of the Games. Signed a promotional agreement with Top Rank.

"I liked him because he fought like a black American fighter," said Bob Arum. "Boxing in that part of the world [the former Soviet Union] is really opening up, and this kid is typical of the great fighters they are developing over there."

Where He's Going: Powerpunching lefty will split his time between Kazakhstan and the USA. Will turn pro on the De La Hoya-Gonzalez show in January. After that, it's the fast track to a title shot.

"He's very advanced and should be ready for a shot at the cruiserweight title in about 18 months," said Arum.

What He Needs To Put Him Over The Top: A successful transition to the pros.

Danger Zone: Lost in a division that is virtually ignored. ■

Referee's Travelogue

(Continued from page 31)

work with, but the smaller guys give me trouble because they move so quickly. I'm always concerned with getting in their way.

For Washington-May, I would be paid the standard fee of $1,600, plus expenses. Most people are surprised championship-bout referees aren't paid more.

Having been given 10 days notice by the IBF, I cut my vacation a few days short, leaving my family at the beach on the New Jersey shore and driving to Newark Airport. The flight to Spain was scheduled to leave at 8:15 p.m. It was delayed because a plane at the next gate had a flat. We left two hours late, which forced me to do an O.J. (did I say a bad word?) through the airport in Madrid in order to catch the flight to Mallorca. Fortunately, I made it.

When I arrived in Mallorca, it occurred to me that waiting to be picked up at an airport in a foreign country, without knowing your final destination, would cause a great deal of apprehension in most people. Imagine if I'd missed the connecting flight in Madrid. But I'm used to this type of traveling. This was my 21st world title fight. I've been shanghaied in France by a bus driver in the wee hours of the morning, and taken on a five-hour cab ride in Italy after the promoter swore my ride "would be there soon." No problem here; the driver was only an hour late.

It was Friday afternoon, about 20 hours since I'd left Newark, when I arrived at the hotel, or more accurately, the palace, as it was built on the remains of 16th century castle. I flopped in bed for a few hours before the rules meeting, scheduled for 7 p.m. It didn't begin until after 9 p.m. because Washington was a few pounds over the 190-pound limit and needed time to sweat off the excess. Regarding the meeting, some might think it unnecessary; you'd think that world-class fighters and their handlers would know the rules. But it pays to go over them one last time so nobody can gripe when something bizarre happens—which it often does.

Promoter Wilfried Sauerland spared no expense on the show, which was to be televised to Germany. Italy's Benedetto Montella, the supervisor of officials, told me, "The Germans brought 90 technicians and a million dollars of equipment to set up the ring and the lights. They let the Spanish sweep up the floor when they were done." After the rules meeting, there was a dinner cruise around the harbor. Then it was back to the hotel.

(Continued on page 62)

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Referee's Travelogue

(Continued from page 61)

The breadth of boxing is worldwide, but the fraternity is small. You see the same faces in different locales. I have been to Europe many times. On my first trip, I knocked out the number-two British heavyweight, Billy Aird, at a black-tie affair in a London supper club. In Mallorca, I saw plenty of familiar faces. We swapped stories till 3 a.m.

Spending time with friends can also pay off in the ring. Having been a fighter, I think about styles before a bout I'm going to work. To be prepared, I have to be a step ahead of the fighters. So I do my homework. Especially if I'm not familiar with one of the fighters, I'll make phone calls before I leave, and then ask around at the fight site. I had seen Washington, but not May, and I received good information about the German in Mallorca.

Saturday was fight day. I got up around noon and looked from the terrace onto a golf course that encircled my side of the hotel. It was drizzling. I hoped the rain would not hurt the gate. Boxers come from the ghetto (I trained at Gleason's Gym in the Fort Apache section of the South Bronx), but championship fights are held in casinos and resorts. The officials, judges Al Bennett (USA), Manuel Norte (Spain), and Artur Ellenson (Germany) and myself, had lunch at the hotel at 1 p.m. I had a fish platter that was so good, I thought they caught the fish after I'd ordered it.

We went to the arena so I could check out the ring. I understood what Montella had told me earlier. The place was full of Germans, down to the security guards who let us through the gate and saw us out. I was looking forward to the fight, but the anticipation and excitement doesn't compare to the feeling I used to get on the day of one of my fights. Back then, I was under the gun. Nowadays, I might get hit by accident, but I'm no longer the primary target.

We went back to the hotel and I took a nap, a prefight ritual I have maintained since I was a fighter. At 7 p.m., the bus was ready to go to the bull ring, and since this was a German show, boarding was punctual. Had it been in France or Italy, it would have been "whenever you get there." But there was a problem. I was supposed to have brought the championship belt to Europe with me. The IBF had sent the belt to my home, but I had been on vacation. No championship belt for a championship fight? Not to worry, IBF light heavyweight champion Henry Maske was in for the fight, so we borrowed his belt.

We got to the Plaza de Toros de Palma at about eight o'clock. As one who was sometimes paid on a percentage of the gate, I cannot help worrying about rain the day of a fight. Moreover, I know how to count a house. This arena held about 7,000 people, and a respectable 4,000 showed up, even though neither main-event fighter was from Spain. Part of the reason: At this time of year, Mallorca is the German Riviera. Many Germans had come to root for May.

The undercard included a bunch of tomato cans. At 10 p.m., I headed to the locker rooms.

Television does not want precious time wasted with the rules given in the ring, so we did it in the locker room just before the fight. I passed the bull pens on the way to the locker rooms, and later ruminated as to how the warmup area of American baseball relief pitchers got the same name. It may seem ludicrous to again go over the rules, especially since the rules meeting had taken place only 24 hours earlier, but I use the time to let the fighters know how I work. I tell them that they can fight an inch close or a mile apart, I don't care. (Some referees do not like infighting. It makes them nervous.) I tell them that I care only that they fight within the rules. I go on to tell them if they do not stay within the rules, I will enforce them. I don't believe that it is a referee's job to be part of the show, as some do. I believe in walking quietly with a big stick, and using that stick when necessary.

To paraphrase Ed Sullivan, this was a really big show. The main event portion of the program began with two European singing stars doing a spotlighted duet at the edge of the bull ring. Next came the fighters, complete with entourages and entrance music. Needless to say, the American didn't get much applause. Looking at the bright side, it was a lot better reception than Washington would have received from the fans in, say, Italy or England. I checked the fighters' equipment, gloves and cups. Then came another several minutes of national anthems—U.S. for Washington and me, German for May—before Michael "Let's Get Ready To Rumble" Buffer did his thing. I told you this promoter spared no expense; he flew Buffer in from the U.S. just to introduce the fighters, which, even with the ring announcer's pregnant delivery, took all of about one minute.

Considering the style of the fighters, the setting was most appropriate. The bout was dubbed "Nacht Der Matadore" (Night of the Matador). Sure enough, May made bull-like rushes at Washington. Like a clever matador, Washington stepped aside and used punches like picas (the picador's lance) to cut the bull to ribbons. May caught lots of punches and suffered a cut over his right eye. After collecting the cards from the judges, I told supervisor Montella the cut had been opened by a punch, and not a butt.

Round two was similar to round one. May, a 1992 Olympic gold medalist, continued pressing Washington, and was getting beaten up for his efforts. He suffered another cut, this one at the corner of his right eye. In the third, yet another cut was opened. Washington continued to pitch, and May continued to catch.

The fourth round was different from the first three. This time, May got cut over his left eye, which was already swollen. He now had three cuts around his right eye and one over his left.

My grandmother used to say, "Show me who your friends are and I'll show you who you are." Bringing this logic to boxing, one might say, "Show me who you fought and I'll show you who you are." Without looking at a record book, it was obvious that the more experienced Washington had been in with better company.

Among the four points of judging fights is effective aggressiveness. May was aggressive in leading with his face, but Washington was effective in counterpunching sharply, especially to the body. May's corner did a marvelous job of controlling the cuts, and there was never a need for me to consider stopping the fight. There were times when I thought May was

about to fall, but each time he'd reach into his soul and pull something out. Such a demonstration of human spirit in a great fight is what has drawn the literati to boxing, from Sophocles to Hemingway, and through Norman Mailer and Joyce Carol Oates.

The American and Spanish judges had the fight big for Washington. The German had it close. The way I saw it, the American and Spanish judges were on-target.

There was a postfight bash next to the bull ring, and the bus took us back to the hotel at 2 a.m. Things didn't wind down until 5 a.m., when the waiters refused to work any longer. I got a few hours sleep before the taxi picked up Bennett and me at the hotel. Believe me, I slept well on the long flight over the ocean.

I love Western Europe, and Mallorca had been one of my better experiences as a referee. My previous trip to Europe, one year earlier, had been for a fight in Russia. Mallorca to Russia is heaven to hell. But regardless of where the next assignment brings me, I'll be packed and ready to go. ■

Joey Giambra

(Continued from page 45)

In sentencing Carbo to prison six years later for his boxing-related crimes, the judge noted, "In boxing, your wish was tantamount to a command performance." But not to Giambra, who wasn't as courageous as he was just naive. Carbo was known as "Mr. Gray" and by other code names in boxing, but the young boxer didn't know him at all.

Giambra's manager was Mike Scanlan, a longtime friend who had become a father-figure to the fighter, whose real father had lammed out on the family when Giambra was three years old.

"Because of being Joey Giambra, and my mother's son, I could not be disloyal to a man who was like a father to me," he says. So he politely told Frankie Carbo no.

He recalls an arm draped avuncularly over his shoulder. "I like you, kid," Carbo told him. "You got a lot of cojones to talk to me this way. You don't know who I am, do you?

"Someday, you'll know who I am. Good luck, kid."

Not surprisingly, there wasn't a whole lot of that afterward, at least not when it counted.

"Giambra had everything," one boxing magazine said. "He boxed well, had a left jab that tore your head off, hit from any angle, had courage, and could take a punch."

In August 1955, after he had gone into the Army, Giambra did get a champion in the ring. It was middleweight king Bobo Olson, and the fight was a non-title affair. It happened in San Francisco, where Olson then lived, and in the second round Giambra had the champion hanging on. The fight went the full 10, and while Olson got the decision, it was a howler. Giambra had handled the titlist with ease.

No less than Sugar Ray Robinson, acknowledged by Giambra and just about everybody else as the premier 160-pound champion in ring history, once predicted that Giambra would be champion if he ever got the chance. Robinson must've believed it, because when Sugar Ray himself got the title back from Olson in 1955, he wouldn't fight Giambra, either.

"He wasn't afraid," says Giambra, "but he saw what I did to Olson, and he knew I'd never been knocked out."

After the Olson robbery, Giambra won nine bouts in a row, including ones over contenders Rocky Castellani, Gil Turner, and Chico Vejar. Then he fought a draw with tough Rory Calhoun, who, in a rematch, won a 10-round decision after breaking Giambra's jaw in the second round.

Giambra easily won a third bout against Calhoun, but first came his momentous third meeting with future middleweight champion Joey Giardello, in San Francisco in June 1958. Giambra was living in "The City By The Bay" himself.

In their first fight, at the Eastern Parkway Arena in New York City, in October 1952, Giambra was declared loser by decision after 10 rounds. But he says that Empire State boxing commissioner Robert Christenberry subsequently noticed "erasures" on the judges' cards, and ordered a rematch. Giambra won a unanimous decision.

Several weeks before the rubber match, Scanlan informed his fighter that

(Continued on page 64)

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Joey Giambra

(Continued from page 63)

Giardello's people had agreed to it on one condition: that Giambra take a dive in the second round. The going price for his splash would be $10,000. Just to make sure they understood, the night before the fight Giambra and Scanlan were literally taken for a ride by some underworld goons to go over the plan.

But Giambra had another plan. The fight went 10 rounds, and after the split decision was awarded to Giambra, he ran to his dressing room, threw a cashmere overcoat over his boxing outfit, broke the lock on the rear door, climbed a barbed-wire fence, and, with a white limousine giving chase through the city, beat it out of San Francisco.

He ended up back in Buffalo, and made a beeline for a local mob chieftan he knew. "I figured, *If I'm gonna get killed, this guy I got some chance with*," he recalls.

After it was ascertained that the proffered $10,000 had never changed hands, the hit on Giambra was canceled then and there.

"If there was no payoff, there was no deal. That's what saved my life," he says.

But the Buffalo mobster had a familiar message for Giambra from his associates: "Tell the kid he'll never get a title shot. We can't trust him."

In 1962, however, there finally was a title opportunity. By then, Carbo and the IBC had been put out of circulation. Unfortunately, however, their departure didn't eliminate chicanery from the boxing business, as Giambra says he found out the night before he was to fight Denny Moyer in the first WBA junior middleweight championship match.

That's when Giambra got a call, out of the blue, to appear for the official weigh-in ceremony. He came in several pounds under the 154-pound limit, but, he says, Moyer weighed in at least four pounds over it. At that point, according to Giambra, instead of ordering Moyer to shed the extra weight, he was offered an extra $5,000 to overlook the matter.

"I said sure. That was a lot of money then," Giambra says.

The bout was held in Moyer's hometown of Portland, Oregon. "I had Denny bleeding from the second to the 15th," insists Giambra. "I staggered him in the second, and he ran like a thief."

Then-heavyweight champion Sonny Liston was the non-voting referee of the fight, and after the final bell rang, Giambra went over to him and said, "What do you think, Sonny?"

"In my opinion, you won the fight," he says Liston told him. "But you're fighting in the other guy's hometown, so it's gonna be close."

Not only did all three judges vote for Moyer, but Giambra never got the extra money he was promised for ignoring Moyer's surplus poundage.

(In the report done for THE RING, author Ruggles Larson wrote that after an early lead by Giambra, Moyer came on and "held the upper hand" after the 11th round.)

After losing decisions to Luis Rodriguez and Joe DeNucci the next year, Giambra retired. In 1965, he was training for a comeback when an automobile accident ended that and almost his life. He worked in Hollywood for a while, fulfilling his other lifelong dream to be an actor. Giambra appeared in several television shows and movies. He moved to Las Vegas in 1971, and published his book eight years later, changing some of the mobsters' names, but leaving some of the real ones in after getting clearance from a godfather who saw no harm in airing ancient history.

A few years ago, Giardello came to town for a boxing gathering. Giambra gave the crowned champion a copy of *The Uncrowned Champion*. "He didn't know they were trying to kill me," he says.

Giambra doesn't regret his decision to stay away from Carbo & Co., the consequences notwithstanding. "A lot of times I thought maybe if I'd have gone [with them], they'd have made me champion of the world," he says. But too many who did still ended up both broke and broken, "and I knew that's the way I'd end up."

Instead of a belt he's got his book, and, as he cheerfully notes, a captive clientele every time somebody steps into the best-selling author's rolling literary emporium. ■

Pete Ehrmann, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is based in West Allis, Wisconsin.

Tyson-Holyfield

(Continued from page 42)

choice but to intervene.

Tyson's corner could have surrendered between rounds, but the bell rang, and the champion lifted himself off his stool, resigned to accept his fate. He tried to stay close, but Holyfield wasn't about to fall into any clinches now. The final volley began with a jab-jab-right, and after 11 more punches, Halpern issued a mercy stoppage. "I saw a hurt fighter," he said, "and any more punishment would have been unjust."

After 10 rounds, Holyfield led on all three cards, with Dalby Shirley (USA) and Jerry Roth (USA) scoring 96-92, and Frederico Vollmer (Venezuela) 100-93. Vollmer scored four of the first five rounds even and gave Tyson no rounds. He should make sure to stay home the next time there's a big fight. THE RING had Holyfield in front by 98-91.

Dabbing his marked and swollen face with a towel, Tyson appeared groggy at the postfight press conference. But when promoter Don King finally relinquished the microphone, the suddenly former champion was both poignant and classy. "I just want to shake your hand," he said to his conqueror. "It's been so long, I just want to touch you. I thank you very much. I have the greatest respect for you."

A few minutes later, Tyson put his second loss in perspective: "I believe Evander Holyfield is a better fighter than Buster Douglas. [For] Buster Douglas, I didn't train at all. I was in good shape for this fight."

In the weeks and months to come, what will be most difficult for Tyson to accept is that he was *outfought*, and on his terms, too. But if there was a lesson to be learned from Las Vegas, it was meant for us, and not Iron Mike. Simply put, we should never be surprised by what a great fighter accomplishes. But, of course, we can't help ourselves. And why should we? After all, wonder is a wonderful thing.

Now the whole wide world knows what Holyfield's been sure of for 12 years. And if there's a rematch, that doesn't bode well for Tyson. ■

FISKE ON FIGHTS

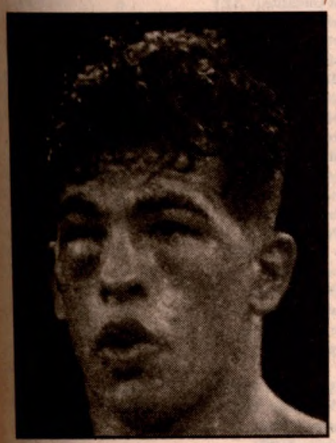
By Jack Fiske

Holiday greetings!

Making a Christmas gift list is a lot more difficult than putting together a grocery shopping list. One year's list looks nothing like that of the previous year. And besides, you can't wish for coal in *everyone's* stocking.

Here, then, are unsolicited gift ideas for the men who have everything, or in some cases, nothing at all.

Andrew Golota: A rule book in Polish
Joe Frazier: Medication to deal with his choler
Don King: An introduction to Butterbean's hairdresser
Tommy Morrison: A black hat and a movie contract
Ray Leonard: Angelo Dundee's phone number
Rock Newman: Mandatory attendance at a symposium on race relations
Riddick Bowe: A stapled digestive tract
Thomas Hearns: A revoked boxing passport
Bruce Seldon: A new identity in the government's witness protection program
Roy Jones: Twenty extra pounds and a three-point shot
Pernell Whitaker: Felix Trinidad
Bob Arum: Another Marvin Hagler
Oscar De La Hoya: A slightly bashed-in nose
Cedric Kushner: At least one performer on *Heavyweight Explosion* who can fight
Oliver McCall: A season pass to the Betty Ford Clinic



Gatti: Keep those Enswells coming

Buster Douglas: Another night like February 11, 1990
Julio Cesar Chavez: Jose Sulaiman pleading his case to the Mexican version of the IRS
Arturo Gatti: A lifetime supply of Enswells.
The New York State Athletic Commission: An authoritative presence
Eddie Futch: Time to produce another heavyweight champion
Mike Tyson: A reversal in an appeals court—*any* appeals court
Boom Boom Johnson: A p.r. blitz to inform the American fans what a good champion he is
Madison Square Garden: Its own matchmaker
Felix Trinidad: Pernell Whitaker, or at least Terry Norris
Dino Duva: A deserved pat of praise for a low-keyed approach to filling his brother Dan's shoes
George Foreman: A book on Planned Parenthood
Lennox Lewis: A separate bank account to stash his step-aside money
Jose Sulaiman: A crying towel to wipe the tears after Mike Tyson relinquished the WBC heavyweight title
Tim Witherspoon: A shot at any of the heavyweight champions
Terry Norris: A chance to test his chin against Felix Trinidad or Roy Jones
Gerald McClellan: Unlimited medical care, paid for by every one of the alphabet organizations to show they really care
HBO: Another fight like Barrera-McKinney
Showtime: A main event like Barrera-McKinney
USA Network: A ban on declaring any of the performers on the card as "looking for a title shot"
ESPN: Johnny Tapia vs. Danny Romero
ESPN2: Directions on how to locate the channel
Forum Boxing: A card that draws more Anglos in addition to Mexicans and exceeds the static attendance of 4,000 paid ■

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by THE RING are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBA ratings were compiled as of September 1996, and the IBF and WBC ratings as of October 1996.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Vacant	C	–	–
Mike Tyson (USA)	–	C	–
Michael Moorer (USA)	–	–	C
Lennox Lewis (GB)	1	7	6
Oliver McCall (USA)	2	1	2
Henry Akinwande (GB)	3	–	–
Zeljko Mavrovic (CROA)	4	9	12
Orlin Norris (USA)	5	2	5
Andrew Golota (POL)	6	8	7
Corrie Sanders (SA)	7	–	3
David Tua (NZ)	8	–	11
Tony Tucker (USA)	9	4	–
Ray Mercer (USA)	10	–	–
Evander Holyfield (USA)	–	3	–
Vaughn Bean (USA)	–	5	4
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	6	–
Joe Bugner (AUSTRL)	–	10	–
Francois Botha (SA)	–	–	1
Buster Mathis Jr. (USA)	–	–	8
Obed Sullivan (USA)	16	–	9
Tim Witherspoon (USA)	14	–	10

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	C	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	–	C	–
Adolpho Washington (USA)	–	–	C
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	1	1	4
Akim Tafer (FRA)	2	4	–
Robert Daniels (USA)	3	3	–
Terry Dunstan (GB)	4	9	9
David Izeqwire (NIG)	5	–	8
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	6	–	3
Chris Okoh (GB)	7	–	10
Carl Thompson (GB)	8	–	–
Yosukezan Nishijima (JAP)	9	11	–
Patrice Aouissi (FRA)	10	–	–
Ezequiel Paixao (BRA)	–	2	–
Brian LaSpada (USA)	17	5	–
Rick Lamontagne (USA)	26	6	–
Torsten May (GER)	–	7	7
Saul Montana (DR)	14	8	12
Ken Murphy (USA)	–	10	11
Vacant	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Arthur Williams (USA)	–	–	5
Uriah Grant (USA)	25	–	6

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Roy Jones (USA)	1	–	–
Mike McCallum (USA)	2	8	4
William Guthrie (USA)	3	2	1
Michael Nunn (USA)	4	4	–
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	5	1	9
Crawford Ashley (GB)	6	–	6
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	7	–	8
Eric Lucas (CAN)	8	–	–
Richard Frazier (USA)	9	–	–
Merqui Sosa (DR)	10	11	–
Montell Griffin (USA)	11	3	2
Lou Del Valle (USA)	30	5	5
Gary Ballard (SA)	–	6	–
Leif Keiski (SWE)	–	7	–
Darrin Allen (USA)	25	9	3
Gavin Ryan (THAI)	–	10	–
Stephan Anghern (SWI)	–	–	7
Ray Berry (USA)	29	–	10

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Robin Reid (GB)	C	9	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Henry Wharton (GB)	1	2	5
Thulane Malinga (SA)	2	–	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	3	–	–
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	4	–	8
Frederic Seillier (FRA)	5	1	9
Joe Calzaghe (GB)	6	11	7
Andrei Shkalikov (RUS)	7	–	11
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	8	12	–
Chris Omar Johnson (USA)	9	–	–
Gary Ballard (SA)	10	–	3
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	18	3	10
Mike Makata (NZ)	–	4	–
Tim Littles (USA)	–	5	–
Luciano Torres (BRA)	12	6	–
Bryant Brannon (USA)	–	7	6
Anthony Andrews (GUY)	–	8	–
Frank Nicotra (FRA)	–	10	–
Vacant	–	–	1
Charles Brewer (USA)	15	–	2
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	23	–	4

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Keith Holmes (USA)	C	–	–
William Joppy (USA)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Otis Grant (CAN)	1	6	11
John David Jackson (USA)	2	1	1
Quincy Taylor (USA)	3	–	–
Julian Jackson (USA)	4	–	–
Hassine Cherifi (FRA)	5	–	4
Robert McCracken (GB)	6	–	2
Richie Woodhall (GB)	7	–	–
Giovanni Pretorius (SA)	8	–	–
Neville Brown (GB)	9	–	–
Peter Venancio (BRA)	10	2	–
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	–	3	8
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	4	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	–	5	5
Glen Johnson (USA)	–	7	7
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	8	–
Derrick Rolon (USA)	–	9	–
Darren Obah (AUSTRL)	–	10	–
Lloyd Bryan (USA)	–	–	3
Brian Barbosa (USA)	13	–	6
Branco Sabot (CRO)	–	–	9
Yoshinari Nishizawa (JAP)	–	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	C
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	–	C	–
Faouzi Hattab (FRA)	1	–	–
Raul Marquez (USA)	2	5	1
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	3	–	–
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	4	7	–
David Ciarlante (ITA)	5	–	–
Stephane Ouellette (CAN)	6	–	–
Said Bennajem (FRA)	7	–	–
Ernie Artango (AUSTRL)	8	–	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	9	–	–
Ahmed Dottuev (BALK)	10	–	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	–	1	2
Robert McCracken (GB)	–	2	–
Alejandro Ugueto (VEN)	–	3	–
Giovanni Pretorious (SA)	–	4	3
Mpush Makambi (SA)	19	6	–
Guillermo Jones (PAN)	16	8	5
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	13	9	–
Engels Pedroza (VEN)	–	10	–
Anthony Stephens (USA)	15	–	4
Steve Foster (GB)	–	–	6
Adrian Dodson (GB)	20	–	7
Fauzi Hattab (FRA)	–	–	8
Rossman Henry (COL)	–	–	9
Nick Rupa (USA)	–	–	10

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	1	3	1
Derrell Coley (USA)	2	5	8
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	3	7	11
Jose Luis Navarro (SPA)	4	–	–
Pedro Sanchez (DR)	5	8	–
Robert West (USA)	6	–	–
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	7	2	–
Ariel Chaves (ARG)	8	–	–
Ralph Jones (USA)	9	11	–
Hiroyuki Yoshino (JAP)	10	–	–
Oba Carr (USA)	–	1	10
Sean Sullivan (NZ)	–	4	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	23	6	7
Juan Negron (PR)	–	9	9
Jeff Malcolm (AUSTRL)	–	10	–
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	–	2
Hitonon Sato (JAP)	–	–	3
Tony Martin (USA)	19	12	4

Mabenge Zulu (ZAI)	–	–	5
Hugo Pineda (COL)	–	–	6

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Oscar De La Hoya (USA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Frankie Randall (USA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	1	–	–
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	2	2	–
Ismael Chaves (ARG)	3	–	–
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	4	1	–
Rafael Ruelas (MEX)	5	–	8
Charles Murray (USA)	6	7	7
Soren Sondergaard (DEN)	7	–	3
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	8	8	2
Juan Coggi (ARG)	9	5	–
Jong Hoon Yuh (KOR)	10	–	–
Jose Barbosa (VEN)	14	3	–
Freddie Ladd (USA)	11	4	–
David Kamau (USA)	15	6	–
Hiromu Kuwata (JAP)	–	9	–
Bakhitzan Amanbaev (KAZ)	–	10	–
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	–	–	1
Jan Bergman (SA)	–	–	4
Jemal Corbin (USA)	–	–	5
Virgil McClendon (USA)	–	–	6
Leonardo Mas (PR)	26	–	9
Nicolas Cervera (COL)	13	11	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jean-Baptiste Mendy (FRA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Philip Holiday (SA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Steve Johnston (USA)	1	3	6
Cesar Bazan (MEX)	2	–	–
Angel Mona (FRA)	3	2	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	4	6	12
Ricardo Silva (ARG)	5	–	–
Billy Irwin (CAN)	6	–	–
Alberto Sicurella (ARG)	7	10	–
Manuel Fernandez (FRA)	8	–	–
Jong Kwon Baek (KOR)	9	–	–
Lamar Murphy (USA)	10	–	–
Leavander Johnson (USA)	17	1	10
Ivan Robinson (USA)	–	4	1
Adrianus Taroreh (INDO)	–	5	–
Oleg Marchenko (RUS)	–	7	–
Carlos Fernandez (PORT)	–	8	–
David Dodi Tetteh (GHA)	13	9	–
Fred Ladd (USA)	–	–	2
Demetrius Ceballos (USA)	28	–	3
Miguel Julio (COL)	–	–	4
Eduardo Morales (ARG)	–	–	5
Justin Rowsell (AUSTRL)	–	–	7
Billy Schwer (GB)	15	12	8
Shane Mosley (USA)	11	11	9

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Arturo Gatti (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Anatoly Alexandrov (RUS)	1	2	4
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	2	–	–
Robert Garcia (USA)	3	6	2
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	4	–	–
Ulrich Johnson (TRIN)	5	11	11
Boris Sinitsin (RUS)	6	–	8
Julien Lorcy (FRA)	7	5	–
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	8	7	7
Jorge Paez (MEX)	9	–	–
Takanori Hatakeyama (JAP)	10	–	10
Lakva Sim (MON)	–	1	–
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	3	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	4	–
Yamato Mitani (JAP)	–	8	–
Douglas Villarreal (COL)	12	9	–
Gilbert Serrano (VEN)	–	10	–
Tracy Patterson (USA)	–	–	1
John Brown (USA)	–	–	3
Jaime Rangel (COL)	–	–	5
Cliff Samardin (AUSTRL)	–	–	6
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	–	–	9

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Wilfredo Vazquez (PR)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Tom Johnson (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Carlos Rios (ARG)	1	2	10
Cesar Soto (MEX)	2	–	–
Billy Hardy (GB)	3	4	4
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	4	1	11
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	5	–	–
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	6	–	1
Jesus Chavez (USA)	7	–	–
David Santos (USA)	8	3	3
Noboyuki Hiranaka (JAP)	9	–	–
Samuel Duran (PHIL)	10	–	–
Victor Polo (COL)	24	5	–
Ever Beleno (COL)	11	6	7
Roque Cassiani (COL)	–	7	–
Tony Wehbe (INDO)	–	8	–
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	–	9	–
Victor Llerena (COL)	21	10	–
Welcome Ncita (SA)	–	–	2
Jose Badillo (PR)	–	11	5
November Ntshingila (AUSTRL)	14	–	6
Victor Polo (COL)	–	–	8
Arnulfo Castillo (USA)	–	–	9

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Erik Morales (MEX)	1	4	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	2	–	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	3	1	8
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	4	–	–
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	5	5	4
Enrique Sanchez (MEX)	6	8	–
Enrique Jupiter (MEX)	7	–	–
Harold Mestre (COL)	8	–	–
Bong Chul Kim (KOR)	9	6	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	10	–	–
Yober Ortega (VEN)	–	2	–
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	3	–
Mike Garcia (USA)	–	7	–
Bugiarso (INDO)	–	9	–
Serge Poilbian (FRA)	16	10	–
Vacant	–	–	1
Vacant	–	–	2
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	18	–	3
Jesus Perez (COL)	–	–	5
Rey Jamil (PHIL)	–	–	6
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	7
Aristead Clayton (USA)	23	–	9
Jesus Salud (USA)	–	–	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Nana Konadu (GHA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	1	–	–
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	2	8	–
In Jin Chi (KOR)	3	–	12
Paul Ayala (USA)	4	6	–
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	5	–	8
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	6	–	–
Jorge Monsalvo (COL)	7	–	–
Shaszi Nitta (JAP)	8	–	–
Eddy Saenz (NIC)	9	–	–
Jesus Sarabia (MEX)	10	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	–	1	5
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	2	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	3	–
Angel Chacon (PR)	–	4	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	–	5	–
Tim Austin (USA)	13	7	1
Johnny Bredahl (DEN)	–	9	–
Setsuo Kawamasu (JAP)	12	10	–
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	2
Adrian Kaspari (INDO)	21	–	3
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	4
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	–	6
Narciso Rodriguez (USA)	–	–	7
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	–	11	9
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	–	–	10

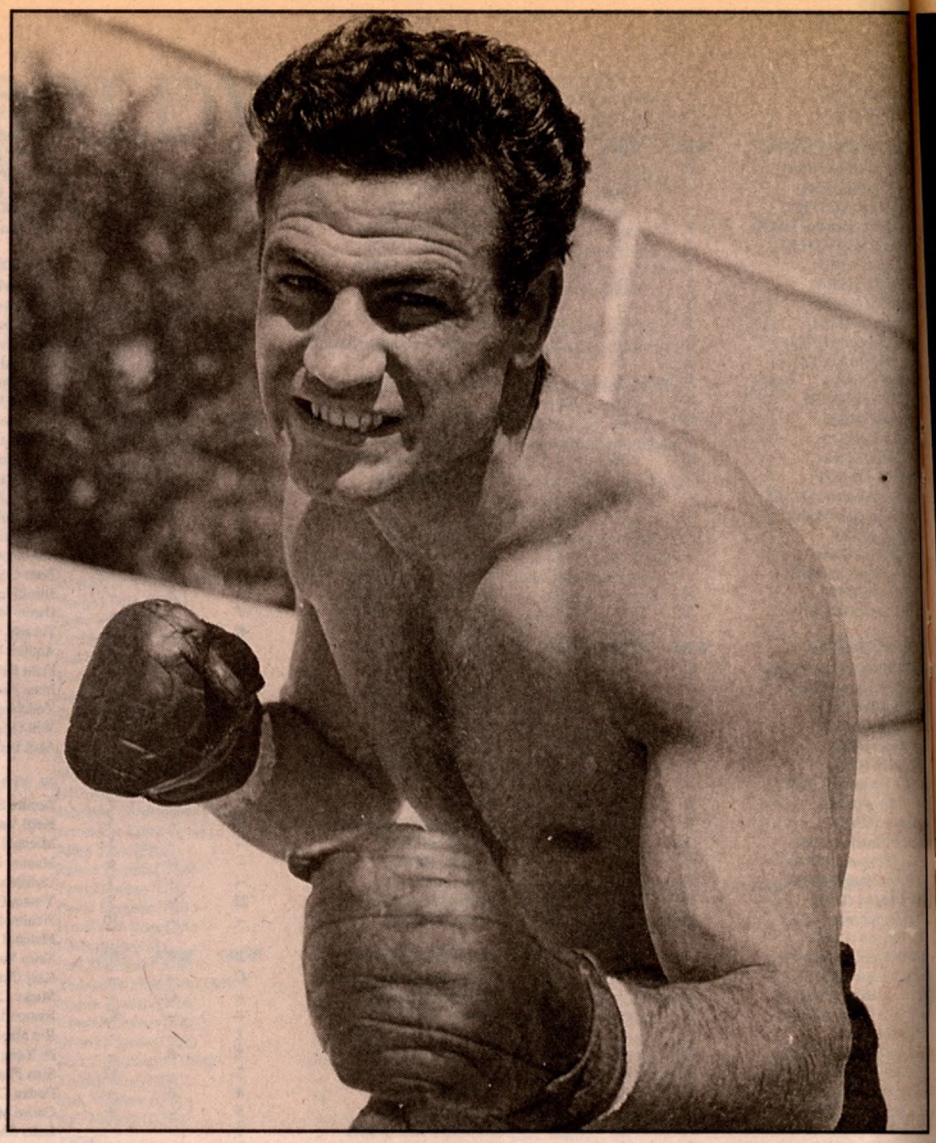
JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Danny Romero (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	1	3	–
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	2	5	–
Luis Bolanos (COL)	3	6	–
Jose Rafael Sosa (ARG)	4	–	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	5	7	–
Luis Benavides (COL)	6	9	10
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	7	1	–
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	8	–	–
Veeraphol Sahaprom (THAI)	9	2	–
Kazuhisa Machida (JAP)	10	–	–
Alimi Goitia (VEN)	–	4	–
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	–	8	8
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	–	10	–
Jaji Sibali (SA)	15	–	1
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	2
Andy Agosto (PR)	18	11	3
Harold Grey (COL)	–	–	4
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	22	–	5
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	6
Ricky Matulessi (INDO)	–	–	7
Polo Saucedo (USA)	–	–	9

FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Mark Johnson (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	1	4	9
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	2	–	1
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	3	7	10
Gabriel Mira (MEX)	4	–	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	5	6	–
Chokchai Chokviwat (THAI)	6	–	–
Jesper Jensen (DEN)	7	11	4
Luigi Camputaro (ITA)	8	–	–
Oscar Arciniega (MEX)	9	–	–
Peter Culshaw (GB)	10	–	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	1	2
Leo Gamez (VEN)	21	2	–
Peter Culshaw (GB)	–	3	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	30	5	–
Daniel Ward (SA)	26	8	–
Takashi Ohba (JAP)	22	9	–
Aquiles Guzman (VEN)	–	10	–
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	–	–	3
Irene Pacheco (COL)	27	–	5
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	6
Will Grigsby (USA)	–	–	7
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	8

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Keiji Yamaguchi (JAP)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Michael Carbajal (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	1	2	3
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	2	–	–
Yosam Choi (KOR)	3	9	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	4	1	5
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	5	–	–
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	6	–	10
Kaaj Chartbandi (THAI)	7	–	–
Micky Cantwell (GB)	8	–	–
Ramon Euroza (MEX)	9	–	–
Ric Magramo (PHIL)	10	–	–
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	–	3	–
Sinn Ploenchit (THAI)	–	4	–
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	–	5	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	6	6
Jesus Chong (MEX)	–	7	9
Yong Jin Kim (KOR)	15	8	–
Suzuki Kabato (JAP)	–	10	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	17	–	1
P.S. Wonjongkam (THAI)	–	–	2
Anis Roga (INDO)	–	–	4
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	7
Takashi Shiohama (JAP)	–	–	8

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Ratanapol Voraphin (THAI)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Rocky Lin (JAP)	1	3	–
Sinn Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	2	–	–
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	3	6	–
Morgan Ndumo (SA)	4	–	9
Hyung Sok Kang (KOR)	5	–	–
Myung Sup Park (KOR)	6	–	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	7	7	2
Payak Nakornluang (THAI)	8	–	–
Manny Melchor (PHIL)	9	–	–
Lindi Memani (SA)	10	–	–
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	–	1	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	–	2	–
Noel Tunacao (INDO)	–	4	–
Javier Medina (NIC)	–	5	–
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	–	8	–
Kermin Guardia (COL)	–	9	–
Takashi Shohama (JAP)	–	10	–
Juan Herrera (COL)	14	–	1
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	–	3
Mongol Charoen (THAI)	–	–	4
Ernesto Rubillar (PHIL)	25	–	5
Wondee Charoen (THAI)	–	–	6
Luis Doria (COL)	–	–	7
Gustavo Vera (VEN)	–	–	8
Lee Sandoval (NIC)	19	–	10

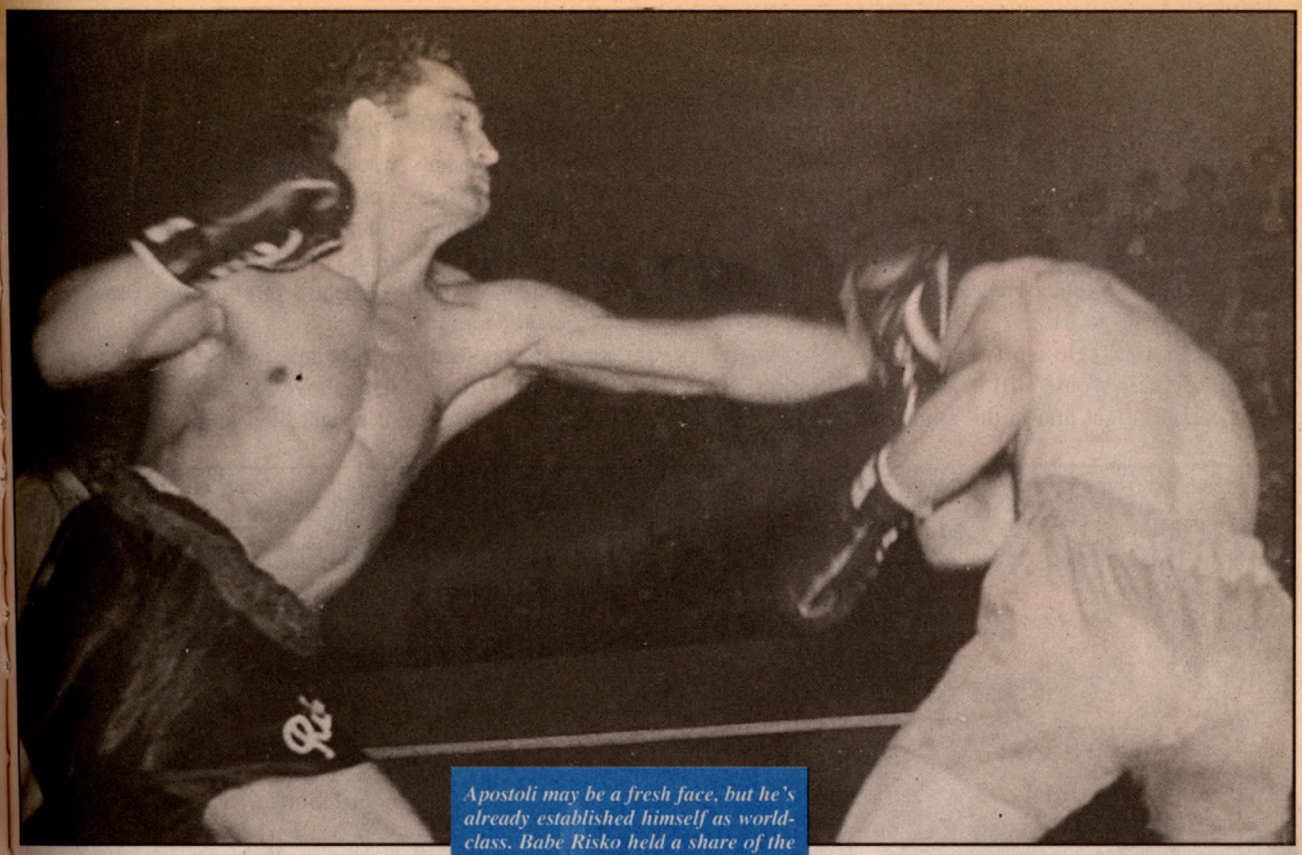
CLASSIC



COAST FANS RAVE OVER NEW MIDDLEWEIGHT FIND— FRED APOSTOLI

He Can't Dance, But, Oh, How He Can Hit!

From The Ring, January 1937



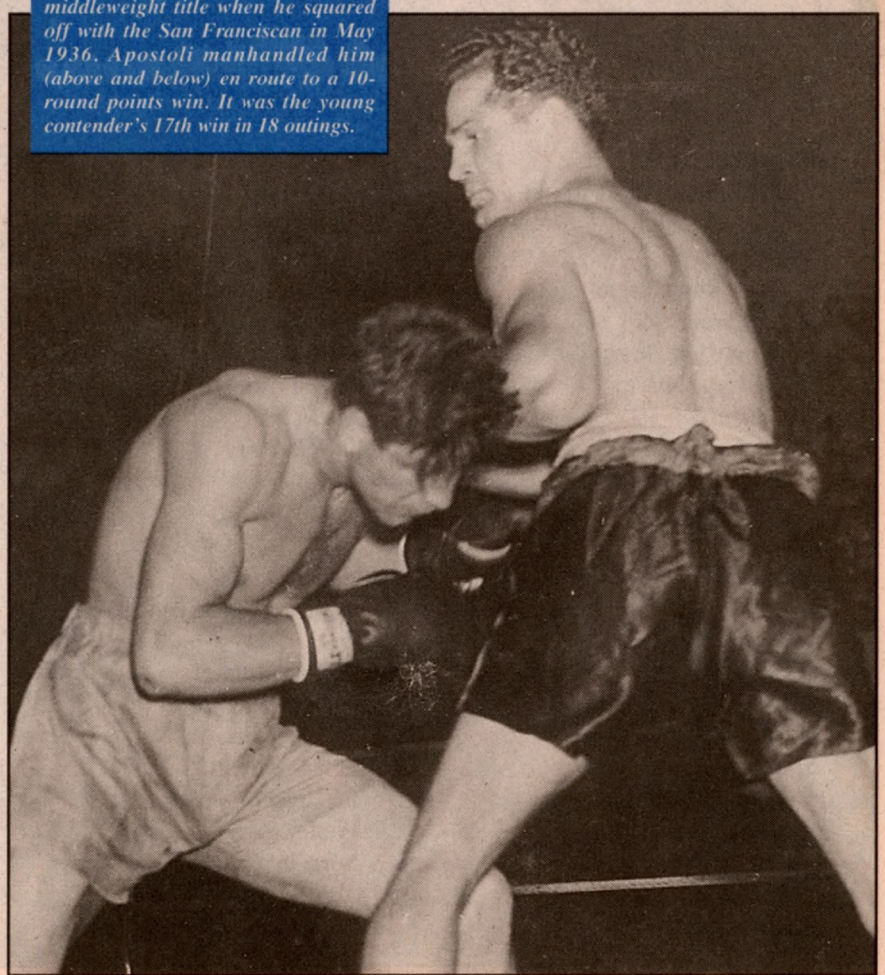
Apostoli may be a fresh face, but he's already established himself as world-class. Babe Risko held a share of the middleweight title when he squared off with the San Franciscan in May 1936. Apostoli manhandled him (above and below) en route to a 10-round points win. It was the young contender's 17th win in 18 outings.

By Harry B. Smith

California, the home of many former champions and ring stars of a little lesser fame, boasts of a middleweight who, from all appearances, is likely to be the next American champion. You may talk about your hard-hitting Harry Balsamo in New York and your Freddie Steele in Washington, but I doubt that either has anything on our latest California socker, Fred Apostoli. This young lad, who was a plasterer and a bell hop, among other jobs he held, is no false alarm. He looks and acts every inch the fighter, as Lou Brouillard and Babe Risko, former middleweight king, can well testify after the licking each received from him.

Apostoli, San Francisco boy, born and raised, has just one dream he would like to see come true. Above all else, this kid, who has had more than his share of hard work and of the tough knocks in life, would like to be the middleweight champion of the world. For that honor, to win that title, he is willing to sacrifice all else; to postpone the pleasures of life and the comforts of a home that he may land the crown he covets.

If Apostoli can win his way through the American title held by Freddie Steele, if he



can go further to beat Marcel Thil, European kingpin of the 160-pounders, this California lad will consider life has done well by him.

When the middleweight title is mentioned, Apostoli's face lights up. There's a shine in his eyes as he says, "Oh, if I can only get that chance. If they will give me an opportunity of meeting Freddie Steele, that's all I'm going to ask.

"Of course, Steele isn't the world champion. There would still be Marcel Thil. I'd rather fight him in this country because I think I'd get a better break. But I'm willing to go to Europe and take a chance if I have to do so."

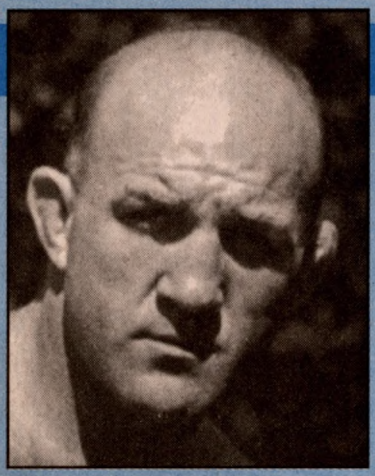
Nothing else but the middleweight crown cuts any figure with the boy who won the amateur title for the Olympic Club. Money isn't his god. It's part of the game, to be sure, but not the big thing.

Howard Brodie, in an adjoining chair, as we were carrying on a talk about Apostoli and his career, asked an important question: "How about getting married, Fred?" he said. "Have you any such plans?"

Apostoli almost flushed.

"I haven't any girl," he said. "Of cou I have gone out with girls, but usua when a friend has asked me to go out. A I certainly haven't any plans for marria I don't believe a fellow ought to get ma ried as long as he is in the fight gam After he's through with fighting is tim enough."

The man who stands head and shou ders above all challengers for the mi dleweight title, in the estimation of Co



Marcel Thil

THE RING RATINGS, *January 1937*

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Jimmy Braddock
1. Max Schmeling
2. Joe Louis
3. Maxie Rosenbloom
4. Jack Trammell
5. Tommy Loughran
6. Ray Impellitiere
7. Al Ettore
8. Ben Foord
9. Al McCoy
10. Bob Pastor

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: John Henry Lewis
1. Al Gainer
2. Leo Kely
3. Jock McAvoy
4. Gus Lesnevich
5. Carmen Barth
6. Ray Actis
7. Marty Simmons
8. Fred Lenhart
9. Dave Clark
10. Steve Carr

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Marcel Thil
1. Freddie Steele
2. Fred Apostoli
3. Teddy Yarosz
4. Solly Krieger
5. Ken Overlin
6. Lou Brouillard
7. Babe Risko
8. Oscar Rankins
9. Harry Balsamo
10. Frank Battaglia

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Barney Ross
1. Jack Carroll
2. Jimmy McLarnin
3. Ceferino Garcia
4. Izzy Jannazzo
5. Cleto Locatelli
6. Fritzie Zivic
7. Cocoa Kid
8. Jack Portney
9. Glen Lee
10. Milt Aron

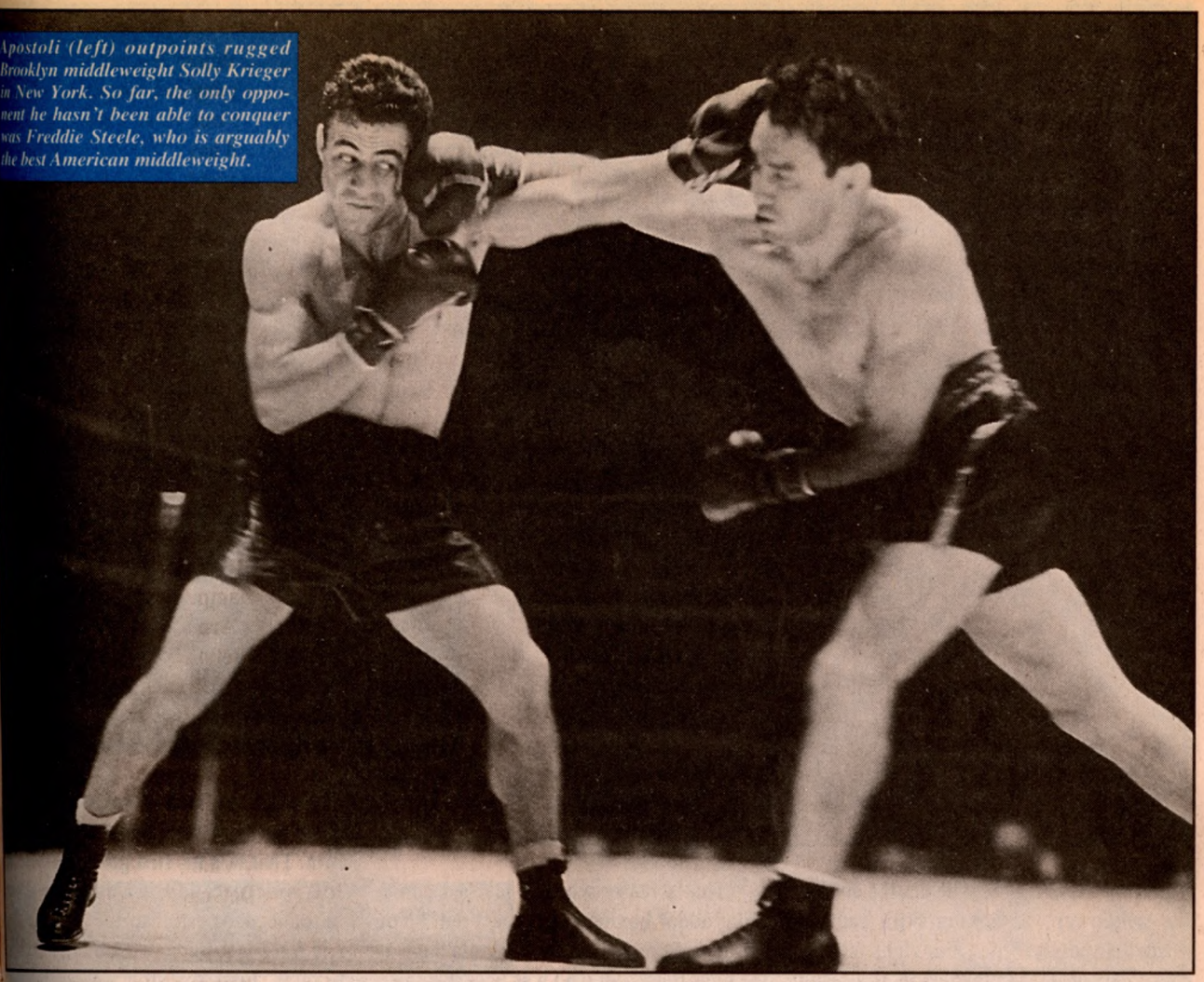
LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Lou Ambers
1. Eddie Cool
2. Tony Canzoneri
3. Pedro Montanez
4. Enrico Venturi
5. Laurie Stevens
6. Indian Hurtado
7. Wesley Ramey
8. Norment Quarles
9. Aldo Spoldi
10. Chino Alvarez

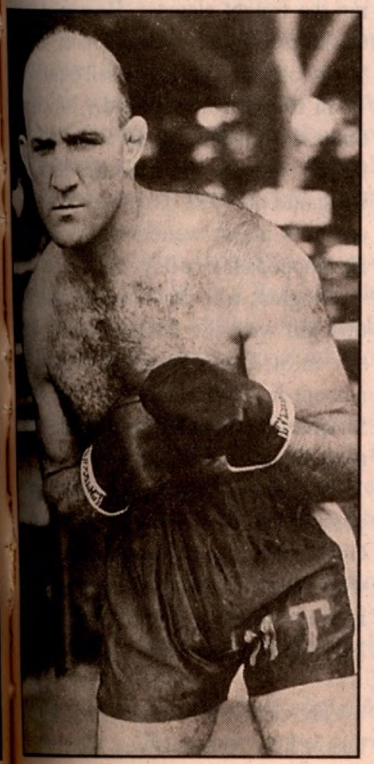
FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Petey Sarron
1. Henry Armstrong
2. Mike Belloise
3. Freddie Miller
4. Dick Corbett
5. Johnny McGrory
6. Nel Tarleton
7. Tony Chavez
8. Young Rightmire
9. Sonny Valdez
10. Pete DeGrasse

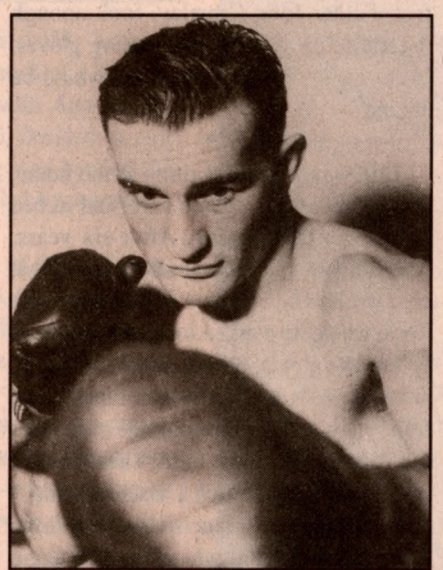
BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Sixto Escobar
1. Indian Quintana
2. Frankie Martin
3. Baltazar Sangchili
4. Tony Marino
5. Lou Salica
6. K.O. Morgan
7. Joe Mendiola
8. John Cusick
9. Johnny King
10. Henry Hook

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Title Vacant
1. Jim Warnock
2. Benny Lynch
3. Small Montana
4. Peter Kane
5. Valentin Anglemann
6. Maurice Huguenin
7. Ernst Weiss
8. Enrico Urbinati
9. Phil Milligan
10. Tut Whalley

Apostoli (left) outpoints rugged Brooklyn middleweight Solly Krieger in New York. So far, the only opponent he hasn't been able to conquer was Freddie Steele, who is arguably the best American middleweight.







The middleweight Apostoli wants most is NBA and New York champion Freddie Steele (above). In April 1935, Steele halted a green Apostoli in the 10th round. At the international level, France's Marcel Thil (left) is Apostoli's target. Thil has been recognized as world champion since 1932.

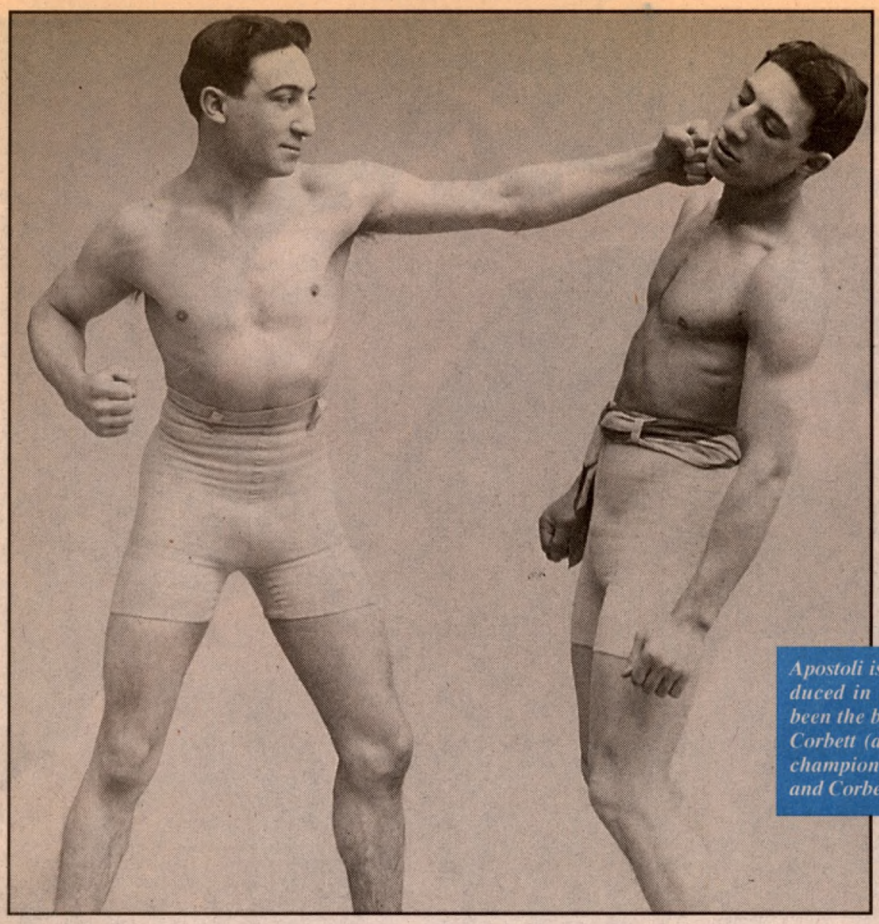
scribes, likes the fight game just because he likes it. And that is half the battle in being a champion.

"Since the days when I was in a home for boys," he told me, "I've had a fancy for the fight game. I like to fight. I like to watch fights, and I like to study other fighters in the gym, for that is where I get pointers from them.

"Football is a good sport. I played it when I was a kid. Baseball is good. But I get just as much pleasure out of going to see a fight when there are good fighters in action. I don't mind training either. Roadwork doesn't bother me, and when it comes time to go into the gym, I'm not bored to death as some seem to be."

***

So there you have a boy so wrapped up in the fight game, so thoroughly engrossed with the future, that he cares for little else. If that sort of desire, plus physical trim and strength, doesn't get Apostoli far, then I don't know what is going to count.



Apostoli is the latest in a long line of notable fighters produced in San Francisco. Among his predecessors have been the brothers Abe and Monte Attell (left) and James J. Corbett (above). Abe Attell was a longtime featherweight champion; Monte briefly held the bantamweight crown, and Corbett reigned as world heavyweight champion.

As for myself, I think he has the ability, the willpower, the boxing skill, and the needed strength to put him right on top. Since having learned my lesson as a result of the Joe Louis fight, I don't ordinarily go too far in predicting winners. Yet I am confident that Apostoli, progressing as he has, can make the grade; that someday we will be hailing him a successor to Stanley Ketchel. Hype Igoe, Nat Fleischer, and other Eastern scribes of note said the same of Balsamo, only to have him make them eat their words when Babe Risko showed him up, yet I won't backwater on my opinion of Apostoli.

Fred Apostoli has been through a life of hardships and setbacks. But he's made the grade all the way, pulled up through thick and thin. That's the stuff of which champions are made.

Just a kid of 23, the boy who modestly admits he would like to be champion has gone through a lot. Born at Grant Avenue and Chestnut Street in 1913, his mother died when he was seven. At nine, the motherless youngster was sent into the Father Crowley home by a dad who simply couldn't raise the lad.

"That's really where I learned something about boxing," grinned Fred. "You had to fight or get run over. That's the way the boys found out who was boss. One prefect, Father John Crowley, took enough interest to provide us with boxing gloves. Every night at six o'clock there would be boxing."

***

Life was no bed of roses at the home. All the boys were up at 6 a.m., and in bed by nine in the evening. After six years, Apostoli was pitched out into a somewhat cold world. He went to a ranch near Santa Rosa, where he worked for an Italian family for two years. Work, work, and then more work. It was a chicken ranch, with fruit, etc. Only once during the two years did Apostoli leave the farm. Then he went into Occidental to watch a baseball game.

A year in San Francisco, at Francisco Junior High School, where Joe DiMaggio also had some of his early education. A smattering of part-time high school was followed by so many odd things to do that you could call Fred a jack of all jobs. He was a plasterer, worked in sheet metal, helped his dad as a carpenter, and tended pigs up Stockton way.

Somebody landed Apostoli a berth as messenger boy for a San Francisco jewelry firm. That was his first good break. He met Joe Niderost, and it was Niderost who introduced Apostoli to the Olympic Club and fixed him up with a job at the Hotel St. Francis. First Apostoli was the boy who ran the freight elevator. He was promoted to the passenger elevator, later to a bell boy's job, and then made bell captain.

In the meantime, Spider Roach, who trains the amateurs at the Post Street Club, taught Apostoli the rudiments of the boxing game. In 1933, Fred won his first honors, in a junior welterweight tournament. He stopped all five boys in his class.

Progress was rapid, and in April 1934, this kid won the amateur middleweight title in St. Louis. That was the same tournament in which Joe Louis made a name for himself. Apostoli fought 45 times as an amateur and lost but once.

He turned pro in October 1934, just two years back. His first ring opponent was Gilbert Attell, a nephew of the Abe Attell who made history as a featherweight. Followed by a series of bouts with Apostoli winning handily.

***

The first bit of overplaying the hand was when Apostoli was matched with

Apostoli is primed to be a champion. His dedication is unusual for a young fighter, and his ambition is burning. Says Harry B. Smith, "Tab this kid for a title and see if I'm right."

Freddie Steele of Tacoma. That was in April 1935. Apostoli was too green, and he tired. Steele was too much of a veteran, and the fight was halted in the 10th round, with Apostoli the loser. Niderost, who had been handling Fred, decided to turn that job over to someone else. Larry White was handed the reins, and how well he has managed is testified by Apostoli's long string of victories.

Fights and victories include the names of Mike Payan, Eddie Schneider, Dick Foster, Rudy Mendez, Young Stuhley, Swede Berglund, Babe Marino, Frankie Britt, Paul Pirrone, Babe Risko, Marty Simmons, and more recently, Lou Brouillard.

Twenty professional fights in two years and but one defeat. Nobody claims for Fred Apostoli that he's a super fighter. But we can say for him he is clean-cut and well-behaved; that he has the ability and the brains, and knows how to use the gray matter.

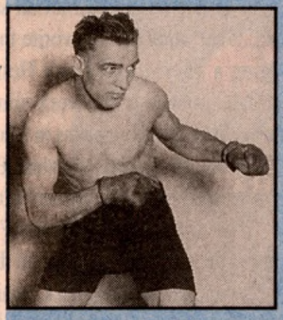
He likes the fight game; he doesn't worry. His hands are good and his habits okay.

Tab this kid for a title and see if I'm right. I'm willing to gamble on that prediction. ■

Harry B. Smith was the dean of California sportswriters and sports editor of the San Francisco Chronicle.

THE RING, January 1937

The Cover: Veteran Washington campaigner Freddie Steele is featured. While France's Marcel Thil is recognized as the world middleweight champion, Steele won the NBA title in July 1936, scoring a unanimous 15-round decision over Babe Risko. Steele seems to be the best of the American 160-pounders.



Big Hitters: Famed scribe Hype Igoe focuses on some of the ring's heaviest hitters, including Paul Berlenbach (pictured) and former heavyweight champions Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey. Igoe also fantasizes about the ultimate showdown at middleweight, a dream match between clouters Stanley Ketchel and Mickey Walker.

Puerto Rican Walloper: The lightweight division has been boosted by the emergence of Puerto Rico's exciting Pedro Montanez. After a series of wins over world-class opposition, Montanez is rated third at 135 pounds by THE RING. He is hoping for a shot at the world title later this year.

Sizzling Middleweight: Among the hottest fighters in the Sweet Science is Illinois-based middleweight Ken Overlin, who has compiled a lengthy winning streak over top-level competition. Dave P. Glazer examines the master boxer, a 160-pounder who almost never wins by kayo—but almost always wins nonetheless.

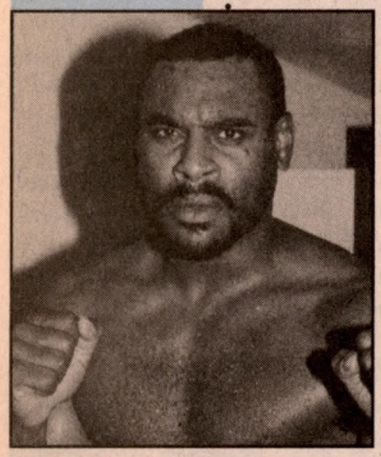
Passport, Please: Nat Fleischer looks at American fighters who have established their fistic reputations by fighting abroad. Among those who enjoyed success on the road: reigning light heavyweight champion John Henry Lewis, featherweight George Dixon, heavyweight Sam Langford (pictured), lightweight George "Kid" Lavigne, and middleweight Kid McCoy.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood

FORGIVING AND FORGETTING?

Sometime in late-January, Lennox Lewis and Oliver McCall will battle for the vacant WBC heavyweight title. The winner won't be recognized as the best big man in the division, but as far as rematches go, it's still a must-see fight.



Will McCall surprise Lewis again?

In September 1994, McCall shocked then-champion Lewis with a one-punch, second-round kayo. Why, then, is the latter a 7-2 favorite this time around? Firstly, McCall proved to be a one-hit wonder; after barely edging a 45-year-old Larry Holmes, he was dethroned by—ugh!—*Frank Bruno*. Secondly, in October, McCall finished a 3½-week stint in rehab for a recurring substance abuse problem. And finally, Lewis reestablished his toughness in May by going 10 grueling rounds with Ray Mercer.

In January, superstar trainer Emanuel Steward will be a major focus of attention. The boss of the Kronk gym worked McCall's corner before the first fight, and for the past 18 months has been guiding Lewis.

"That wasn't a lucky punch," Steward said of the counter right that made McCall a champion. "McCall missed the same punch twice in the first round. That was our plan; counter Lennox' long right hands.

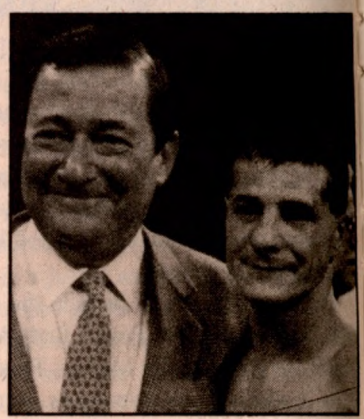
"Lennox' first fight back, against Lionel Butler [which was also Steward's first fight with Lewis], he was still damaged and nervous. It took him three rounds to get over it. He has to come out with respect for McCall because McCall is gonna be letting 'em fly; his only chance is a haymaker."

In early-November, Jimmy Adams, who manages McCall, reported that "The Atomic Bull" was already in training in Virginia. "Oliver's got his head together now; he's not running out to the streets," Adams said. "This fight means a lot to him. He knows the winner gets Tyson, and Lewis knows Oliver can knock him out. Lennox's balance is still awful. Oliver feels he's gonna do it in the *first* round this time."

Sounds as if Steward and Adams agree. It's gonna be hit or miss, which is exactly why it's also a must-see.

LISTEN UP

A dream fight that might actually materialize? Promoters **Bob Arum** and **Cedric Kushner** are seriously talking about making **Johnny Tapia-Danny Romero** for mid-1997. HBO, which has craved the bout for several months, will put up the dough. The network hopes to televise the junior bantamweights in separate bouts on HBO's *Boxing After Dark*, then match them against each other ... Speaking of HBO's *Boxing After Dark*, the long-awaited showdown between WBC super bantamweight champion **Daniel Zaragoza** and unbeaten bantamweight titlist **Wayne McCullough** will air on January 11 ... IBF junior welterweight champion **Kostya Tszyu** will defend against **Leonardo Mas** on the **De La Hoya-Gonzalez** card in January. After that, a defense against **Charles Murray** is a strong possibility ... As we went to press, Madison Square Garden and **Don King** were negotiating in an effort to bring **Mike Tyson** back home to New York City.



Arum and Tapia are ready for Romero

Las Vegas Hilton

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Mike Tyson	Evander Holyfield	5-2	Lightning doesn't strike twice
Oscar De La Hoya	Miguel Angel Gonzalez	15-1	No one beats "Golden Boy" at 140 pounds or less
David Tua	Jimmy Thunder	10-1	Tua is for real
Arturo Gatti	Tracy Patterson	2-1	Gatti no sure winner. Has to learn some defense
William Joppy	Keith Holmes	Pick-'em	Interesting fight and even matchup

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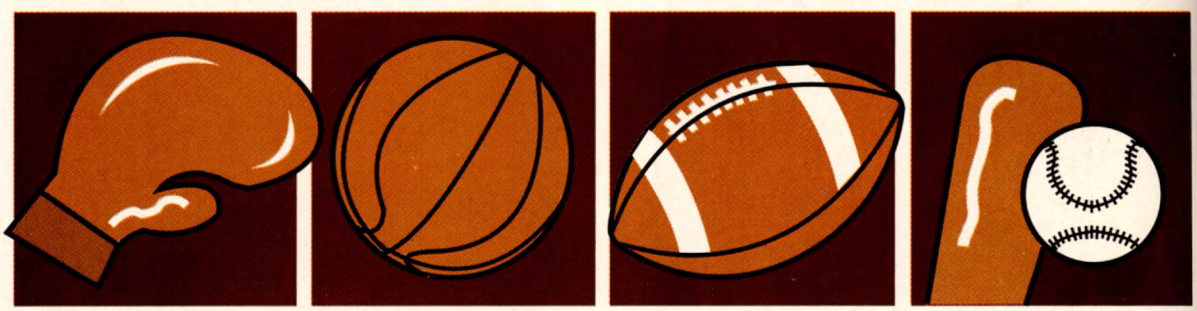
MARC ROBERTS'

WORLDWIDE



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